

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO THE WORLD

### U.S. AND US

#### NEW FRONTIER FOR ENGLISH-SPEAKERS

America's Vast New Territory  
in Antarctica

#### ADMIRAL BYRD'S AMAZING JOURNEYS

America is establishing another frontier with us, one that will run across the frozen wastes in Antarctica.

The new territory claimed by America is the area seen by the members of Admiral Byrd's expedition from their aeroplane in its journeys southward from his base in Little America.

The section flown lies to the west of what is called the Ross Dependency, and covers the 140th meridian, while it runs southward from the coast on the 75th parallel to the range of mountains forming the rim of the Polar plateau and named after Queen Maud of Norway.

#### The Admiral's Claim

The Ross Dependency is a sector of which the curved base is the 60th parallel through the sea, while the boundaries stretching to the South Pole are the two meridian lines marked 150 on the map. This sector is British.

Even larger sectors are the Australian Dependency from meridian 135 to 35 east and the Falkland Island Dependency between the 20th and 80th meridians west of that on which Greenwich lies. These two sectors are also British. One of the remaining unclaimed areas is that between the western meridians 80 and 150, and it is here that the admiral has staked out his claim.

Admiral Byrd claims to have discovered for America as many as 200,000 square miles out of the five millions of which the continent is composed.

#### A Phantom Strait

The recent flights have shown that the suspected strait or ice-filled sea across the continent does not exist. They have established the fact that Marie Byrd Land is a high ice plateau attaining 4300 feet at its summit, and that it reaches from the sea to the mountains about the Pole.

The plateau extends eastward from the Edsel Ford range into areas which have never been crossed by man or viewed by him from an aeroplane. Not indeed until the Weddell Sea in the Falkland Dependency is reached do we come to regions charted on our maps.

The news from Admiral Byrd proves how valuable is the aeroplane as a means of exploration. There have been doubts about the possibility of using it safely at such low temperatures as are reached in Antarctica. The success achieved means that the day is not far distant when every mountain range in Antarctica will be marked on our maps and the last white blanks in our atlases will be filled up.

### Hark, the Herald Angels Sing



### NO FLOWER SO FAIR, NO GEM SO RARE

No flower so fair,  
No gem so rare,  
As Jesu on His first birthday;  
No kingly bed  
So hallowed  
As that poor manger where  
He lay.

No palace great  
In wealth or state  
So wondrous as that stable  
bare;  
No queen so worth  
To give Him birth  
As she who gently laid Him  
there.

No day so bright  
As was that night;  
When Christ was born of Jesse's  
stem;  
No fine citie  
So blest as thee,  
O happy, happy Bethlehem.

No earthly bliss  
So great as this  
That God has sent a Saviour  
mild;  
O Jesu, may  
I grow each day  
More like to Thee, a little child.

Giles Fletcher in the 17th century

### THE DAY OF THE GREAT SHIP

#### FLOATING HOTELS AND THEIR PERILS

Should Our Shipowners Think  
Things Over Again?

#### BIG LINER PROBLEMS

The loss of the American steamship Morro Castle, following other shipping disasters, has led to much searching of heart across the Atlantic, and should not be forgotten here.

The vessel was used as a tourist hotel, and there are many others so employed.

The nature of such use is only too likely to lead to scenes of confusion and danger, especially when hard drinking is indulged in, as appears to have been the case this time. The strictest rules should be laid down for the conduct of these floating parties, in which a ship's officers are exposed to peculiar difficulties.

The modern liner must be considered as a great hotel built on a floating platform. Hotels are always in peculiar danger from fire, for when 500 or 1000 people of all sorts are gathered closely together it is difficult to protect the sensible from the foolish.

#### A Composite Crowd

An ordinary hotel, however, has walls of masonry and usually fireproof floors, while the ship-hotel is built of long layers of thin-walled cells piled one on the other. Such a building can readily be fired either by faulty electrical work or by careless or drunken passengers. Smoking must have fired not a few tall ships.

The ship-hotel must carry a composite crowd consisting mainly of hotel servants. The rôle of the modern liner-captain (master is his proper title) is thus an unenviable one. He has to give his thoughts mainly to navigation, yet at any moment he may find himself called upon to control not a ship but a hotel on fire.

There ought to be boat drills of passengers with clear instructions as to places in time of danger, seats in lifeboats, the use of lifebelts, and so forth.

Quite recently an American ship, a French ship, and a British ship have perished in circumstances which create profound disquiet.

Perhaps it would be well for ship-owners everywhere to reconsider the modern ship and the nature of their responsibilities.

#### THE BATH IN THE PLANE

A novel feature of a big aeroplane just built in France for transatlantic service is the provision of two classes of cabins, first and second class.

Twelve luxury cabins have been fitted with private baths!

This wonder aeroplane, which carries 64 passengers and has a cruising radius of 2900 miles, is now undergoing its trials.



## THE PEACE TREATY RUG AT VERSAILLES

### REMARKABLE STORY

Adventures of a Famous Piece  
of Craftsmanship

### ALL OVER THE WORLD

All of us know the story of the magic carpet, but how many of us have heard about the real Wishing Rug?

The history of this internationally famous Oriental rug goes back to the 18th century. The story begins with a young French nobleman, Jean Etienne Robert de Lamoricière, who was forced to flee from France about 1790.

Leaving his sweetheart in a nunnery he found refuge in Venice and later lived in Persia with a merchant of Tiflis. After being captured by bandits the count was forced to become tutor to the Shah's children.

### An Appeal For Help

Both the merchant and the bandit chief had a daughter who loved the young Frenchman. With a third woman who also loved the young count, they set about weaving a beautiful rug, which took three years to complete.

Into this exquisite rug they wove a border of daggers as symbols of danger. The symbols of the tapestry design comprise an appeal for help, encircled with a tale of romance concerning the three women.

When the Wishing Rug was finished, in 1795, it was sent to the Shah's palace for sale. The Shah's daughter read the message woven into it, and was so touched that she persuaded her father to buy the rug for the sum needed to ransom the count, who went back to France and was reunited with his sweetheart. From that day on the rug has had the reputation of granting any wish made on it.

### Later History

The later history of the rug is very fascinating too. In 1894 Nasr-Eddin, then Shah of Persia, was our Queen's guest in England, and the Queen sent two young English ladies back to Persia with the Shah to teach his children English. The Shah fell in love with one of the ladies and frightened her with his attentions. One day she was discovered kneeling on the rug to pray for her return to England, and the Shah gave her the rug and sent her home.

On their return journey the two young ladies were guests of an uncle of Thomas Kullujan, the present owner of the rug. The history of the Wishing Rug so fascinated the young Armenian that he could not forget it and finally determined to possess it.

Mr Kullujan hunted 28 years for the rug, and at last traced it to an American collector, only to learn he had died and the rug had been sold to a rich New Yorker. This man had given the rug to his son for a wedding present, and the son had sold it for a new one.

### A Token of Appreciation

That year America's famous Liberty Bell rested on it at the Panama Pacific Exposition. Two years later the first draft of soldiers from San Francisco marched over it on their way to France. The dust they left was collected, put into vials, and sold for £330,000 to help the Red Cross.

The Peace Treaty at Versailles was signed while the delegates stood on the Wishing Rug—alas that its wishes did not then come true! The same year the Prince of Wales was welcomed to Washington on it. President Roosevelt was inaugurated on it in March 1933.

Mr Kullujan now intends to present the rug to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington as a token of Armenian appreciation of past kindnesses.

## THE BEARERS OF THE TORCH

### NATION'S CHILDREN GROWING UP

The Smaller and Smaller  
Number Available For Work

### LOOK ON THIS PICTURE

Ours are days in which we count and reckon what the future may bring.

Just as we can foretell where the Moon will be on New Year's Eve so we can tell how many children will be leaving school for work in 1945.

We know how many children are born in this country each year. We know that 1,003,030 were born in 1914, 761,215 in 1918, 1,094,328 in 1920, and only 667,959 in 1933.

It is these new lives that make both the size and quality of the nation of the future. The children of today are the nation of tomorrow, bigger or smaller, better or worse.

### Available For Work

It is important to see how many young people will be available for work in the time to come.

If we inquire how many boys and girls of 14 will be leaving school for work (supposing, that is, that the school-leaving age remains as now) we find that the number will be, for all the country: 837,000 in 1935; 698,000 in 1940; 641,000 in 1945.

Not all these will go to work at 14, but we see what a big fall there is in the numbers becoming available at that age. At the end of 1945 only 641,000 children of 14 will be available as against 837,000 at the end of next year.

So we get a clear picture of a diminishing body of workers. *It is the most important picture the nation can gaze upon, for it sums up the future of the race.*

### A WORD TO SMITH

#### Story of a Famous Headmaster

Dr Alfred Hands Cooke has died at 80. For 20 years he was headmaster of Aldenham School in Hertfordshire, and scores of men remember him with love and gratitude.

In remembering the headmaster they forget the brilliant young man who collected so many medals for Greek and Latin poetry at Cambridge, who was Senior Classic when J. G. Frazer of the Golden Bough was second classic, who was a great footballer, and was an authority on zoology as well. He was a lecturer at King's for more than 20 years before he took the helm at Aldenham.

Friends love to recall his courtesy and patience and the wit that was never unkind. He was a very strong character and a liberal-minded man who led the school to victory in new fields.

A story is told of a boy we will call Smith and Cooke's Divinity Class. This class was held every Sunday, and the boys had to take notes, handing in their notebooks at the end of the discourse. Next week they got them back, and, if the notes were fairly clear, would find V. Good written after four pages, Good after three, Fair after two, and Poor after one.

Now Smith was too lazy to take many notes, but he knew it would be awkward if, at the end of term, his notebook showed nothing but Poor.

So he only handed in his book once a month, trusting that it would not be missed on the other three Sundays when he wrote in a capital imitation of Cooke's hand Good or Fair after less than a page of notes. The headmaster seemed to notice nothing, but when he distributed the notebooks on the Sunday before the end of term, he said:

"Oh, by the way, Smith, you will find a blank form in your book. I thought you would prefer to write and sign your own report. Kindly deliver it in person in my study at 9 o'clock on Monday morning."

## FRANCE AND GERMANY IN TOUCH

### THE SAAR AND PEACE

Renewed Hopes From a Happy  
Agreement on the Mines

### PROMISE FOR THE NEW YEAR

The all-important Saar Plebiscite is to take place on January 13. The 700,000 people of the Saar Territory, which for 15 years has been in the trusteeship of the League of Nations, are then to decide, as laid down in the Treaty of Versailles of June 28, 1919, whether they wish League government to continue, or union with France, or union with Germany.

As the people of the Saar are mainly German there is no doubt whatever as to the result, and that is why we have all along urged that France might inaugurate an era of peace by resigning the territory to Germany without a plebiscite.

### Valuable Coalmines

The next best thing has now happened. On December 4, at Rome, the French and German ambassadors came to an agreement as to the valuable coalmines of the Saar.

To understand this it should be recalled that Article 45 of the Treaty of Versailles provided that "as compensation for the destruction of the coalmines in the north of France, Germany cedes to France in full and absolute possession the coalmines situated in the Saar Basin." No matter how the plebiscite goes on January 13, that is, the Saar coal remains French, but with this proviso. The Treaty sets out that if the plebiscite is won by Germany, Germany is to have the right to buy the Saar mines from France at an agreed price.

If the bargaining had been postponed until after the election there might have been serious trouble. Therefore, very wisely, the League of Nations appointed a Saar Plebiscite Committee of Three to regulate this and other matters concerning the Saar. This Committee has worked well, and the result is that Germany has agreed to buy the mines for 900 million francs, or about £12,000,000. This sum is also to cover all the other French State property in the Saar.

### A Tower of Strength

Not only so, but Germany has agreed for a certain period to take no measures against any Saar inhabitant on account of his religion, language, or race.

Herr Hitler once said that if the Saar question were once settled no cause of European difference with France would remain. The German press has expressed warm appreciation of the French attitude in the matter.

The chairman of the Saar Plebiscite Committee, Baron Aloisi, has been a tower of strength in the negotiations and Europe has cause to thank him.

One peaceful act leads to another, and we may renew our hopes of amity in Europe. France and Germany are again in touch, and many good things may issue from the renewed contact.

The Saar territory, let it be remembered, has an area of 751 square miles, and has five industries based on the coalmines.

### A PENNY A MILE

We congratulate the Railway Companies on giving us back our old Parliamentary Fare of a penny a mile third class. Also we note that first class, by monthly return ticket, is to be reduced to 1½d a mile. As for day excursions, they are to work out at 3d a mile, and half-day tickets at 1½d.

We hope it will not be long in our railway history before class is abolished, or rather that all carriages will become first class. At present too many of them are of no class at all.

## THE LITTLE HITLERS

### Laugh and the World Laughs With You

A little laughter at themselves, said General Smuts, would cure people of their ills.

In Germany, where the sense of humour, of good humour, has for a long time been absent, there is some sign that the cure is beginning to work. A fortnightly paper has begun to laugh at Germany's little Hitlers.

This is a long way from venturing to say anything disrespectful about the great Hitler, but in a country with a strait-jacketed press it is a beginning.

A publication which safeguards itself by its name of "We War Volunteers of 1914" goes farther and fares no worse. It actually claims that Herr Hitler, himself a war volunteer of 1914, unbent so far as to laugh at one of its articles, in which it jeered heavily at the local Nazi leaders, the little Hitlers, who insist on introducing military forms into daily life.

### Plain Words

From all this it is but a short step to complain of the suppression of independent thought. At present, we read, if anyone thumps the table in Germany his neighbours draw away from him, lest he should have committed himself to a too emphatic gesture; and this very plain-spoken critic concludes that the political leaders of Germany will soon forget how to be leaders if they see nothing but dumb obedience sitting before them.

The licence accorded in the highest quarters to these plain words seems to arise from a realisation that too much dumb obedience will not only make the German feel inferior, but will make him an inferior citizen. Perhaps the idea is to give him encouragement to laugh and trust him not to abuse the liberty to speak.

## THE EMPIRE MARKET

### Australia and Free Trade

#### DEMAND FOR NO RESTRICTIONS

Australia, through her deputy Prime Minister, Dr Earle Page, is taking up a strong attitude on the subject of trade with the Motherland.

Dr Page declares that if the Mother Country, when free from international trade agreements, insisted on the restriction of Australian exports to England, Australia would be unable to meet overseas obligations or to buy British machinery and plant to continue developments on which much British money had already been spent.

If we insisted on restriction of Australian goods, said Dr Page, Australia would have to consider seriously the abandonment of her policy of progressive development and to prepare for the adoption of an unnatural and uneconomic policy of providing for her own requirements internally.

Australia long ago adopted a Protective industrial policy, and she now sees the Home Country abandoning Free Trade and adopting tariffs and quotas. Australia cannot by internal development consume all the food she produces, and if we will not take it she will be forced to find other markets.

## THINGS SAID

We must put adventure into the cause of peace. The Dean of St Paul's

The taking of harrowing pictures is not allowed. Southern Railway rules for photographers

A soldier of the Great War known unto God. The inscription on graves of unknown soldiers in France

I cannot help thinking the world is suffering from a violent attack of indigestion, brought on by an excessive consumption of new inventions.

Lord Tomlin



## HAPPY WINTER HOLIDAYS ON THE SNOWY TOPS OF EUROPE



Sunshine and Snow—A striking picture of the trail of two skiers near Engelberg in Switzerland. The fascination of winter sports in the sunshine of the Alpine heights is now drawing thousands of holiday-makers from all parts of Europe.



In the Bavarian Alps—These German boys and girls have learned to ski at an early age, and in the picture they are seen preparing for a race.



## A GREAT COLLECTOR OF OLD PAPERS

### THE MINGANA MSS

Story of the Wonderful  
Explorer of Ancient Libraries

### AN ALADDIN ROMANCE

In Selly Oak Colleges Library near Birmingham is one of the most remarkable manuscript collections in the world.

Housed in a huge, electrically-lit safe, lined with steel shelves, and guarded by massive double doors, these wonderful documents lie hidden in a primrose Place of Peace, perhaps the most surprising collection of Oriental manuscripts on Christian literature that is to be found anywhere in the world.

Over the doorway leading to this treasure-trove, given in trust by Mr Edward Cadbury to the Woodbrooke Settlement, letters in black and gold perpetuate the name of its Guardian Genius, Dr Alphonse Mingana, who has discovered these ancient literary gems in the Near and Middle East; and when we called he was devoting the rest of his life to the laborious task of deciphering, cataloguing, translating, and editing them as Woodbrooke Studies.

### Land of the Arabian Nights

The treasure-hunt itself was a romance worthy of Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp. Dressed as an Arab, Kurd, or Turk, according to the custom of the country in which he travelled, Dr Mingana, through the generosity of Mr Edward Cadbury, made three extended journeys into the land of the Arabian Nights, between 1923 and 1929, before he succeeded, often at great personal peril, in rescuing from the dust of the ages the precious manuscripts now known as the Mingana Collection.

Once, when crossing from Syria into North Iraq on the other side of the Euphrates, Dr Mingana, waiting at a caravanserai for his passport to be stamped, fell into a doze. Imagine his surprise, on opening his eyes, to see a long queue of poor sick folk near him, patiently waiting to be cured!

### The Impossible Task

The great scholar quickly realised that the Passport Officer, who was the only one in the district who could read or write, must have mistaken a Doctor of Theology for a Doctor of Medicine and had spread the glad news abroad. Not attempting the impossible task of explaining the situation, Dr Mingana promptly emptied his own medicine chest on behalf of the trusting people, and he tells with delight that for one man, who suffered from headache, he prescribed a plaster of oak bark and mint, an ancient remedy which happily proved successful.

Heaped in baskets in the half-ruined churches and monasteries of Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, and Persia, or tucked away in private houses of old villages, the keen eye of the Oriental scholar found manuscripts which had been unread, and practically unseen, for 500 years. Could we peep into those yellow pages, dating from the fifth century downward, with the experienced eye and marvellous knowledge of Dr Mingana, they would introduce us to the table-talk of the early Christians!

### A Unique Feature

The Christian Arabic literature in this wonderful Mingana Collection is greater than the combined collections of four of the most famous libraries in England. In Syriac manuscripts it is excelled only by the British Museum, while in general Arabic manuscripts it is the equal of any of the world's great libraries.

What is possibly a unique feature of the collection is that it throws great rays of light on the obscure history of Eastern Christianity during about 200 years of its existence, and enables the historian to fill in many gaps.

Although only the major part of the Syriac manuscripts has yet been cata-

## HUNGARY'S CASE

### A TROUBLE SPOT IN EUROPE

The Sad Breaking-Up of  
an Ancient Nation

### SEVEN POINTS

In his speech at Rome not long ago Mussolini again placed before Europe the case of Hungary.

In our own country many notable people have arrived at the same conclusion as he—that there must be a reasonable revision of the Treaty which dismembered the ancient Kingdom of the Magyars. The chief points, as Hungary sees them, may be thus summarised:

1. Hungary (with 21 million people in 1914 and now with only 8 millions) had been an entity for centuries, with natural frontiers formed by the Carpathians, the Danube, and the Transylvanian Alps.

2. Economically this area (about 125,000 square miles) was one, and naturally had a railway system centred on its capital, Budapest. By reducing Hungary to 36,000 square miles a fine economic unit was torn asunder and made poorer.

3. By splitting Hungary, Transylvania being given to Rumania, Slovakia to Czecho-Slovakia, and Croatia to Yugo-Slavia, the Allies put an enormous number of Hungarians under foreign flags:

500,000 to Yugo-Slavia  
1,700,000 to Rumania  
1,000,000 to Czecho-Slovakia

These people, torn from their nationality, are now separated by political boundaries from friends and relations.

4. The old Hungary consisted of many races, including Hungarians (Magyars), Germans, Serbs, Slovaks, Rumanians, Poles, and others, but the Hungarians and Germans together formed two-thirds of the entire population. Of 1780 newspapers 1660 were published in either Hungarian or German, 1494 being Hungarian.

5. The transferred Slovaks are not happy as part of Czecho-Slovakia, or the Croats as part of Yugo-Slavia.

6. While Hungary is thus dismembered she cannot be prosperous; the new trade pact with Italy can only mitigate her unhappy state.

7. The alienated Magyars complain that they have suffered most cruelly. In Czecho-Slovakia Hungarian culture has been frowned upon, and even the statues of Magyar heroes (Kossuth, Rakoczy, and others) have been destroyed. Land has been taken from Magyars and given to Czechs. In Yugo-Slavia the persecution has been even more serious.

It is of the first importance to remember that so long as injustice prevails in Europe peace is threatened. When men are driven to feel that their lives are not worth living, war does not seem to them a thing to fear.

Thus the old wrongs threaten the innocent and the young.

The case is not that the original Hungary should be wholly restored, but that a reasonable compromise should be arrived at.

Continued from the previous column

logued Dr Mingana's romantic researches have already rendered such immense service to students of Semitic languages, Church history, and theological thought, that hymns of praise and prayers for a long life are constantly reaching him from all parts of the world.

"If I live forty years longer," he smiles, "I shall have gone through the whole collection!"

Still in early middle life, this great scholar, with a working knowledge of over twenty languages and dialects, has 42 books to his credit—five in Latin, four in French, and the rest in English.

## TWO GREAT MEN MEET

### HEROES OF CHRISTIANITY IN PRACTICE

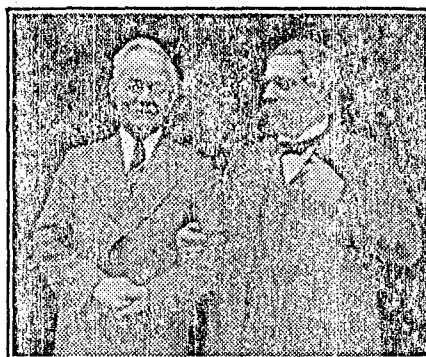
Grenfell of Labrador and  
Schweitzer of Africa

### THE WILD PIG AT THE ZOO

Two of the outstanding figures in the life of practical Christianity today have just met for the first time.

They are Dr Albert Schweitzer, the great thinker, musician, and medical missionary of Central Africa, and Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador.

Dr Schweitzer, on the eve of his departure from this country, after giving the Hibbert Lectures in London and



Sir Wilfred Grenfell and Dr Albert Schweitzer

Oxford and the Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh, told the C.N. all about it.

"My friend, Dr Barber Simpson of Edinburgh, arranged the meeting," he said, "and we both arrived on his doorstep at the same time. We each began to cross-question the other about our hospitals. We found that the problems we have in Lambaréné are entirely different from those Sir Wilfred has to face in Labrador.

"But very soon he was telling me all about his troubles with his reindeer, which are always disappearing in Labrador, and I was telling him all about my anxieties with my herd of goats in Equatorial Africa, which I try to keep for milk for the patients. I lose mine because the natives steal them and the snakes bite them.

"Then both of us burst out laughing, for we realised that, whereas we had begun talking as doctors about patients, we had ended by talking about reindeer and goats."

### Tecla in Captivity

This was the pen-picture Dr Schweitzer gave us of this meeting, as he laughingly described it, between the dignified Polar Bear and the big Hippopotamus!

Busy as he was, Dr Schweitzer found time to visit an old friend in London. This was Tecla, a red river hog which he presented to the London Zoo.

"Tecla used to wander all around the hospital grounds like a dog," he said, "but she got so fond of eating our chickens that I had to choose between killing her and sending her to a zoo, and so I sent her there. When I went to see Tecla I found her so fat and shiny that I hardly recognised her, though she recognised me. I said to her, 'Tecla, you have become a great lady of the world,' but I am not sure that she might not prefer to be still eating hens!"

## FLYING AT THE PUBLIC EXPENSE

Our Air Minister, Lord Londonderry, has done well to expose the facts about America's so-called commercial aviation.

He points out that in 1933 the net aviation loss to the United States Post Office was about £4,750,000. The American Government's expenditure on civil aviation from 1927 to last year reached the huge total of £25,000,000.

The American taxpayers as a whole thus pay a large part of the fares of the relatively few passengers.

## HOUSES UP-TO-DATE

### IDEAS AT THE BUILDING CENTRE

The Fascinating Place That  
Every Wife Should Know

### AND EVERY HUSBAND TOO

The Building Centre in New Bond Street does well to put its novelty exhibition upstairs, for only the word novelty could lure the average visitor past the fascinating exhibits on the ground floor.

For younger persons the small-scale models make the place seem like a glorified toyshop. For example, there is the tiny vertical garage, storing 18 cars on the ground-space needed for two, and able to present any car at the street level in 60 seconds. You can ask the attendant to switch on the current and operate the mechanism yourself.

### Dozens of Doll's Houses

There are dozens of doll's houses to illustrate the latest thing in heating, damp-proofing, and roofing for the architects and builders for whom the exhibits are planned, but bringing joy to younger hearts by their completeness.

In short, no man, woman, or child can spend a morning at the Building Centre without coming away richer in experience and knowledge, or failing to find the solution of some problem that has been troubling him at home. Has he a painted bathroom wall that runs with rivers of condensed steam when the hot tap is turned on? The Building Centre shows an absorbent wall-covering that has ended this nuisance for a big steam-laundry. Does the sanitation of the country cottage leave much to be desired? The Building Centre shows him better ways.

It recommends nothing. It shows. If you ask it will tell you where the various products exhibited are in use, and you may investigate for yourself. For the Building Centre is a huge cooperative undertaking, supported by over 1000 manufacturers to show their products to the people who need them. The attendants do not praise the output of one firm above that of another; each product must stand on its own merits.

### A Wonderful Fireplace

A dozen things especially took our eye: the linoleum faced with cork that will not show the outline of the boards; the electric switches that make no noise; the Mr Facing-Both-Ways fireplace that gives a cheerful fire in the sitting-room, heats the water for the bath, and cooks the dinner in the kitchen all with one fire; the charming built-up fireplaces of hand-made bricks that are such a relief from the standardised commonplaceness that most builders are convinced that we want.

Most of all we liked the model kitchen. Many a good idea in it can be incorporated in our own for a shilling or two, though we admit we should like to send the model-kitchen planners a diagram of ours and ask them to re-make it nearer to the heart's desire—a service they are ready to render all architects, builders and contractors free.

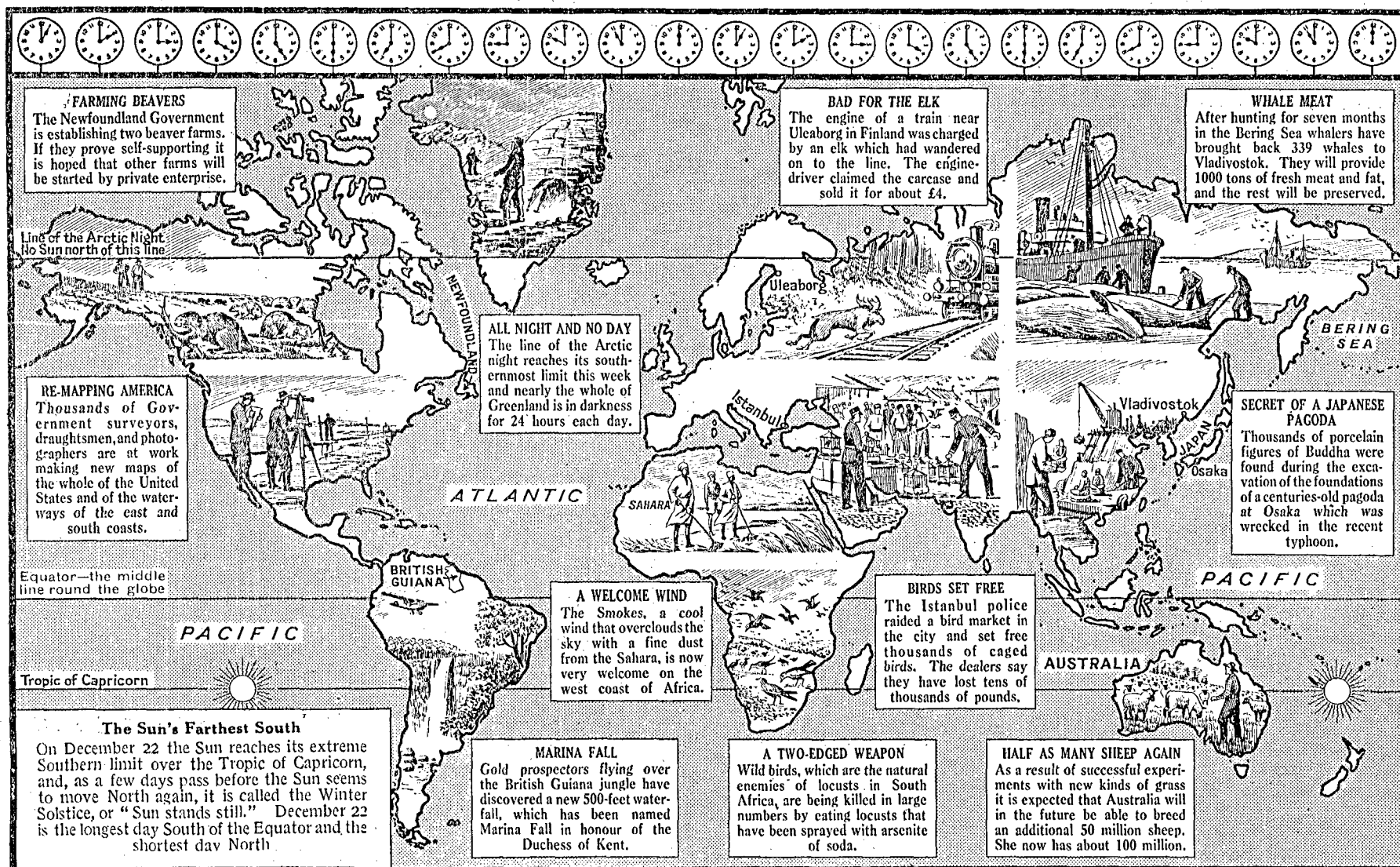
### To Make Housework a Joy

That open-wire shelf above the sink for the saucepans to air on, for example, would be an easy thing to install. Why did we not think of it ages ago? The washing-copper next to the sink, with its outlet into the same drain, and the wringer that folds away under the drain-board when not in use should all have been introduced in Grandmother's day.

The cupboard doors that fold up as you open them and the ironing-board that sinks into its own slot in the wall seem almost alive in their eagerness to cooperate with the housekeeper in avoiding friction and muddle. It is all planned to make housework the joy that it can always be if the conditions are right. At last women are making their kitchens what they should be.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## CHANGING THE FACE OF SCOTLAND

### Trees and Trees and Trees

Scotland's face is changing so rapidly that the new Domesday Book, which we have described in the C.N., will be a valuable record of what it was like in the nineteen-thirties.

Every year the new State forests are increasing by 15 million more trees, and more than a quarter of a million acres have now been planted.

Thousands of the 90 million new trees already flourishing are being grown successfully on ground so poor that nobody believed they could grow there.

Who said Impossible? is the motto of the Forestry Research Department. First they discovered how to grow trees on peat by cutting out a turf, laying it upside down, and planting a young tree in the sod. But it had to be manured to make it thrive, and this was too costly. After many experiments they have found a way to grow trees on peat as economically as on ordinary soil. They have also grown fine plantations of spruce where only gorse and bracken would grow for centuries.

As well as giving work to thousands the scheme will one day bring in much money. Since the war, when many of our forests were depleted, we have had to buy most of our wood from abroad. In fifty years time there will be a splendid supply of home-grown timber.

In remote places like Skye the barren glens have been planted with trees. There will soon be forests stretching from Cape Wrath to the Border. There have never been so many trees in Scotland since the great Caledonian Forest was burned.

At Burnend there is a forestry school where six of the most promising boys of Scotland are chosen each year for a two-years training. Afterwards the young foresters are put in charge of gangs who clear and burn gorse and bushes, prepare the ground, and plant the trees.

## THE DAY OF SMALL COAL

### Every Day It is Getting Smaller

Big coal is going the way of the Yule log. Gasworks and power stations want more coal, the ordinary householder wants less; but all want it small.

The gas-makers find small coal the handiest for their purpose; other consumers of coal on a large scale find that their furnaces with their mechanical stokers are best fed in small pieces. The modern household, even when enjoying the luxury of a coal fire and the open hearth, has all too seldom a large coal-cellar. In a flat the cellar is often only a cupboard, and the flat-dweller buys his coal in sacks.

So every day, and in every way, coal is getting smaller and smaller.

### BEWARE!

Mussolini is reported to have said, "I love animals, but I hate animal lovers."

Of course we know what he means. A few hysterical people can make a great cause seem sentimental, and undo the good wrought by hundreds of more sensible campaigners.

An enthusiast is sometimes the worst enemy of the cause he loves.

The other day we were talking about a famous composer, and his friend told us that "he has left the Communist party because, though he still believes in Communism, he can't bear the Communists."

## SHAKESPEARE IN 52 LANGUAGES

It is fitting that Birmingham, the capital of Shakespeare's county, should have a wonderful collection of the works of Shakespeare; she has one in the free library consisting of 23,000 volumes in 52 languages.

When the library was started in 1868 it contained 1239 volumes, derived in great part from the Shakespeare Club of Birmingham.

## UNEXPECTED BEAUTY

### The Cathedral on the Menu

"I am very pleased with England," said the artist, as she stepped out of the Flying Scotsman and handed us various things to hold.

"England will be delighted," said the writer. "You remind me of Byron, who said, 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!' and the ocean touched its cap and said, 'Very good, my lord,' and kept on rolling."

As we settled down, among the artist's impedimenta, in a taxi the musician asked:

"Is it England's scenery that pleases you?"

"Not at the moment," replied the artist. "What makes me so proud is England's good taste. Look here!"

She dug in a huge leather bag and produced a quite exquisite etching of Lincoln Cathedral, with wharves and a barge and boys bathing in the foreground.

"That," she said, "is a menu card from the restaurant car. In what other country in the whole world would you find works of art in a restaurant car?"

"Nowhere," we agreed.

"Do you see that the card is marked Third Class?" continued the artist. "Perhaps," she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "the golden age is at hand. Perhaps the age of ugliness is over."

## THE OLD TREES BY THE WALL

A correspondent in Scotland tells us of a famous Beech Hedge at Meiklebour, near Perth.

The trees which form it are nearly 200 years old, from 80 to 100 feet high, and stretch for half a mile. Only a few months older is the low wall beside the hedge; it was being made in 1745 and the workmen left it unfinished when they laid down their tools to follow the man they called Bonnie Prince Charlie.

## A BIG MOVEMENT

### IN WALES

#### Discovering a Talent

For fifteen years a drama movement has been capturing Wales.

Nowadays there is hardly a village that has not its dramatic society; Welsh playwrights are coming to the fore with Welsh plays; the movement has discovered something essentially Welsh, and is harnessing it.

Up to the war drama was taboo in Wales. The churches excluded it from their activities; ministers and clergy attacked it; the papers took no interest in it.

Now the tables have been turned, and press, churches, and chapels are doing their utmost to harness this demand for dramatic art.

At present a National Theatre company is making a tour of Wales, and every centre visited shows tremendous enthusiasm. At no time have plays been acted in such perfection in Wales. Wales is discovering something that she may place in the pool of the experiences of the nations. It is a big movement.

## THE PRETENDER'S CAVE

Loch Erich and Loch Garry are to be joined by a five-mile tunnel, which will be bored through Ben Udlemann, one of the highest mountains in our island, 3300 feet above sea-level.

This difficult engineering feat is part of the Grampian Electricity Power Scheme. Through the tunnel, which will take more than three years to construct, the waters of Loch Garry will be carried to Loch Erich and the combined waters discharged into Loch Rannoch, where there is an immense power station.

On the desolate shore of Loch Erich, which is in the heart of some of the most romantic and mountainous scenery in Scotland, the tunnel will have an outlet close to a cave where the Pretender and his three companions lay hid for several weeks after Culloden.



# The Wonderful News of the Twenty-Fifth of December

## DESCRIBED BY ENGLISH LITERATURE'S IMMORTAL STAFF OF REPORTERS

THERE were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them: *Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of*

*great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe lying in a manger.*

Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, saying, *Glory to God in the highest,*

*and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.* And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go unto Bethlehem, and see this which is come to pass; and they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe in a manger. St Luke

### By Shakespeare

SOME say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

### By Shakespeare's Friend Ben Jonson

*I SING the birth was born tonight,  
The Author both of life and light;  
The angels so did sound it.*

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,  
That did us all salvation bring,  
And freed the soul from danger;  
He whom the whole world could not take,  
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,  
Was now laid in a manger.

What comfort by Him we do win,  
Who made Himself the price of sin  
To make us heirs of glory!  
To see this Babe, all innocence,  
A martyr born in our defence:  
Can man forget this story?

### By William Morris

*To Bethlem did they go, the shepherds three;  
To Bethlem did they go, to see whe'r it were so or no,  
Whether Christ were born or no  
To set men free.*

Shepherds many an one  
Sat among the sheep;  
No man spake more word  
Than they had been asleep.

Quoth I, Fellows mine,  
Why this guise sit ye?  
Making but dull cheer,  
Shepherds though ye be?

Shepherds should of right,  
Leap and dance and sing;  
Thus to see ye sit  
Is a right strange thing.

Quoth these fellows then:  
*To Bethlem town we go,  
To see a mighty Lord  
Lie in a manger low.*

Then to Bethlem town  
We went two and two,  
And in a sorry place  
Heard the oxen low.

Therein did we see  
A sweet and goodly May,  
And a fair old man;  
Upon the straw she lay.

And a little Child  
On her arm had she;  
*Wot ye Who this is?*  
Said the hinds to me.

This is Christ the Lord,  
Masters, be ye glad!  
Christmas is come in,  
And no folk should be sad.

### By John Addington Symonds

SLEEP, baby, sleep! The Mother sings;  
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings.

With swathes of scented hay Thy bed  
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.

At midnight came the shepherds, they  
Whom seraphs wakened by the way.

And three kings from the East afar  
Ere dawn came guided by Thy star.

They brought Thee gifts of gold and gems,  
Pure Orient pearls, rich diadems.

But Thou who liest slumbering there  
Art King of kings, earth, ocean, air.

### By William Drummond

RUN, Shepherds, run, where Beth-  
lehem blest appears,  
We bring the best of news; be not  
dismayed;

A Saviour there is born more old than  
years,  
Amidst heaven's rolling height this  
earth who stayed.

In a poor cottaged inned, a virgin  
maid  
A weakling did Him bear who all  
upbears;

There is He poorly swaddled, in  
manger laid,  
To whom too narrow swaddlings are  
our spheres.

Run, Shepherds, run . . . .

### By Isaac Watts

SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,  
And send your fears away;  
News from the region of the skies!  
Salvation's born today.

Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
Comes down to dwell with you;  
Today He makes His entrance here,  
But not as monarchs do.

No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,  
Nor royal shining things;  
A manger for His cradle stands  
And holds the King of kings.

### By John Milton

IT was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born Child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger  
lies;

Nature, in awe to Him,  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to  
sympathise.

No war or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around:  
The idle spear and shield were high  
up hung;

The trumpet spake not to the armed  
throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their Sovran  
Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth  
began.

The stars with deep amaze,  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and  
bid them go.

The sun himself withheld his wonted  
speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new enlightened world no more  
should need.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row . . .

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook.

Nature, that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region  
thrilling,

Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last  
fulfilling.

*She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in  
happier union.*

### By Jeremy Taylor, Chaplain in Charles Stuart's Army

A WAKE, my soul, and come away:  
Put on thy best array;  
Lest if thou longer stay  
Thou lose some minutes of so blest a  
Go run, . . . day.

And bid Goodmorrow to the sun;  
Welcome his safe return  
To Capricorn,  
And that great morn.  
Wherein a God was born,  
Whose story none can tell  
But He whose every word's a miracle.  
Today Almightiness grew weak;  
The Word itself was mute and could  
not speak.

The Jacob's star which made the sun  
To dazzle if he durst look on,  
Now mantled o'er in Bethlehem's  
night,

Borrowed a star to show him light.  
He that begirt each zone,  
To whom both Poles are one,  
Who grasped the Zodiac in his hand  
And made it move or stand,  
Is now by nature man,  
By stature but a span;  
Eternity is now grown short;  
A King is born without a court.

### By J. G. Holland of America

THERE's a song in the air!  
There's a star in the sky!  
There's a mother's deep prayer,  
And a baby's low cry!

There's a tumult of joy  
O'er the wonderful birth,  
For the Virgin's sweet boy  
Is the Lord of the earth.

*Ay! the star rains its fire and the  
Beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a  
King.*

### By Robert Herrick

*WHY does the chilling winter's morn  
Smile like a field beset with corn?  
Or smell like to a mead new shorn,  
Thus, on the sudden?*

Come and see  
The cause why things thus fragrant be;  
Tis He is born, whose quickening birth  
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,  
To heaven and the under-earth.

We see Him come, and know Him ours  
Who, with His sunshine and His  
showers,  
Turns all the patient ground to  
flowers.

The darling of the world is come,  
And fit it is we find a room  
To welcome Him.

### By G. K. Chesterton

THE Christ Child lay on Mary's lap,  
His hair was like a light  
(O weary, weary were the world,  
But here is all aright).

The Christ Child lay on Mary's breast,  
His hair was like a star  
(O stern and cunning are the kings,  
But here the true hearts are).

The Christ Child lay on Mary's heart,  
His hair was like a fire  
(O weary, weary is the world,  
But here the world's desire).

The Christ Child stood at Mary's knee,  
His hair was like a crown,  
And all the flowers looked up at Him,  
And all the stars looked down.

### By Christina Rossetti

ANGELS and archangels  
May have gathered there;  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air.  
But only His mother  
In her maiden bliss  
Worshipped the Belovèd  
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd  
I would bring a lamb;  
If I were a wise man  
I would do my part:  
Yet what I can I give Him,  
Give my heart.

### By an Unknown Poet

ALL this night shrill chanticleer,  
Day's proclaiming trumpeter,  
Claps his wings and loudly cries,  
Mortals, mortals, wake and rise!  
See a wonder  
Heaven is under,  
From the earth is risen a Sun  
Shines all night though day be done.

Wake, O earth, wake everything,  
Wake and hear the joy I bring,  
Wake and joy; for all this night  
Heaven and every twinkling light,  
All amazing  
Still stand gazing.  
Angels, powers, and all that be,  
Wake and joy this Sun to see.



## PILOT'S TERRIBLE JOURNEY

### WHY HIS WATCH CAME BACK

#### A True Tale of the Indian North-West Frontier

#### HERO OF THE TRIBE

Human beings the world over love courage better than anything else.

Here is a true story from the North-West Frontier of India, showing how much brown men and white men have in common over this matter of hero-worship.

Some aeroplanes making reconnaissance flights from Ambala over the frontier were fired at, and one came down over a mountainside.

One of the airmen flung himself clear before the crash, and rolled several hundred feet before he came to rest, cut, bruised, and unconscious.

But the pilot, Lieutenant F. D. Sinclair, was strapped in when the machine fell upside down on the brink of a precipice. His thigh was crushed and his arm broken, but after an hour's struggle he managed to get out of the wreck, only to fall sixty feet, and get a compound fracture of the ankle. He was helpless and in terrible pain when a party of unfriendly tribesmen came along.

#### Should They Kill Them?

They pounced on the wounded men with joy, and emptied their pockets. Then Lieutenant Sinclair listened to them debating whether they should kill the captives or not.

One party was strongly of opinion that it was best to "kill them and be done with it."

Another suggested that they might get a Government reward for bringing the wounded men to Peshawar.

But, said someone else, we should have to go through enemy territory and might be killed ourselves.

We could go round, said another.

"If you go all that way this man will die," said a fourth. "He can never live. Look at his wounds."

It would be kinder to put him out of his misery. And then they could loot the aeroplane!

#### Carried on Rough Stretchers

So they argued, and the pilot had to pretend that he did not care. But in spite of his frightful wounds he was thankful when the tribesmen decided to take him and his comrade to Peshawar.

There followed a long, agonising journey over mountainous country. The wounded men were carried on rough stretchers and they suffered abominably. When they reached Peshawar Lieutenant Sinclair was very ill and his leg had to be amputated.

The tribesmen were well rewarded, but in spite of being content with the money they did not go.

They said they would not go till they had seen Sinclair.

#### A Tribute To Valour

He was far too ill, so they saw his wife instead. They only wanted to say that although bravery was common in their own country they had never known anyone so brave as Sinclair. They were amazed at the courage with which he had endured the torture of his wounds.

Then they asked if there was anything they could do for this brave man. His wife said that she felt sure he would like to regain his watch and ring, because they were presents.

Now this booty had been left behind, but the tribesmen agreed to fetch it if Mrs Sinclair would give them in exchange a photograph of the airman. She promised, and they disappeared.

Four weeks later a tired and travel-stained party brought back the watch and the ring.

## SLUMS MADE DECENT WHILE YOU WAIT

ONE of the interesting things seen in the last days of the World's Fair at Chicago was the complete remodelling of a small Chicago slum house in six hours.

The housing bureau put on the display to show how quickly and how remarkably an old derelict house could be made modern at small cost.

The committee went into one of the worst slum streets in Chicago and chose two houses as nearly alike as possible. Both were built just after the Great Chicago Fire in 1871. In their tumble-down condition the houses were lifted from their grounds and taken to the Model Home area of the fair grounds.

While one house remained as it arrived, the other was taken in hand by

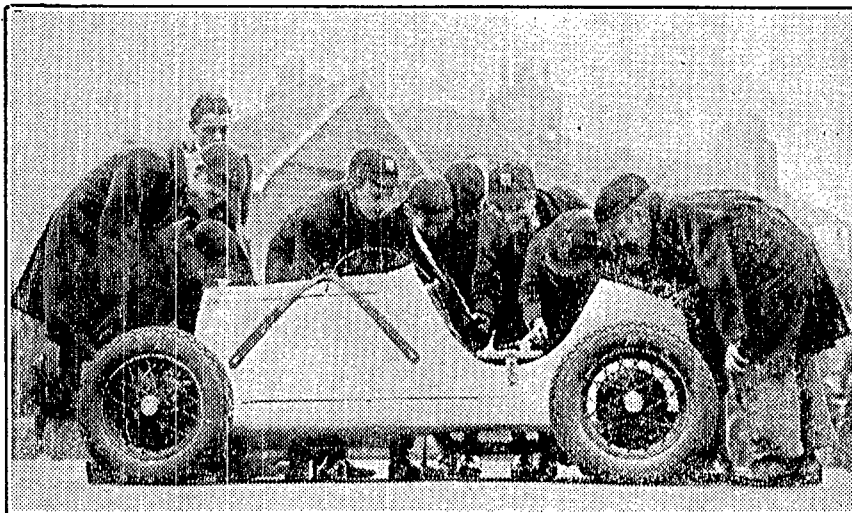
a small army of workmen at ten in the morning. The leaky roof and battered clapboards were soon torn off and replaced by the best new ones.

White paint was quickly sprayed on and green shutters fixed to match the roofing. Landscape artists then went to work laying earth and shrubs around the house.

Inside electricians were hurriedly installing wiring and modern fixtures, while interior decorators saw to the walls and furnished the house.

At four in the afternoon the house was completely remodelled, and could hardly have been recognised as even a remote cousin of the sister house from the slums which stood beside it.

## MOTOR-CARS IN MINIATURE



A party of schoolboys interested in a little racing car which has a speed of 120 m.p.h.



A racing track for toy cars—a Christmas attraction at a London shop

## 250 MILLION KEYS IN 50 THOUSAND MILES

It is good news that our railways are experimenting with steel keys.

Look at the permanent ways and observe how beautifully they are laid! Many are the problems which must be worked out to give them their degree of safety and good service.

The rails sit in what are called steel chairs, bolted to sleepers set in ballast. The rails are wedged to the chairs by pieces of wood whose function it is to keep them absolutely rigid.

These wedges are driven in lengthways from the direction in which the train travels, so that the continued forward thrust of the oncoming trains tends to force the keys farther home.

The keys are shaped to fit in the angular recess between the head and

foot of the rail and to hold the rail hard against the seat of the chair. They are made of wood, teak being preferred, but oak is also used.

There are some 250 million keys in use in the 52,000 miles of British lines, and they are inspected every day.

The responsible ganger carries with him a long-handled hammer, and as he strides along the track he knocks home, with a deft tap, any key that appears to be getting loose, or inserts a new one.

Now the companies are experimenting with steel keys, as used in some places abroad; steel is better than wood in some respects, but it is far more susceptible to changes of temperature.

If steel sleepers could be used the British steel trade would be thankful.

## THE GOOD SIDE OF IT

### SOMETHING FINE IN HITLERISM

#### A Reasonable German on the Labour Camp

#### THE WISH TO BE UNDERSTOOD

We have spoken of one of the good things of Germany today, the levelling of class distinctions. At a League of Nations Union meeting the other day Dr Hans Schirmer told of the German attitude toward the labour camps.

He himself has served in one of these compulsory camps for young men between 18 and 25. They get up at 4.30 in the summer for gymnastics before breakfast; then comes work in the fields, forestry, or land measuring, but only work that would not otherwise be done, so that no one else's work is taken from him. Sometimes the afternoons are free; sometimes they have drill and marches, sometimes discussion groups and entertainments.

#### Points of View

Young people of every class work together in the same surroundings. Even if they do not wish it, said Dr Schirmer, they are forced to understand the other man's point of view. A student who wishes to go to a university must first pass six months in one of these camps. So the man who at home is waited on by servants, the man whose later life will be concerned with books and papers and who will never do manual work again, learns the value of the work of man's hands. He realises that the working-man is just as decent as the student, and the working-man finds that the student is not so conceited as he thought.

The levelling of class distinctions began with the inflation of the mark, when Germans spent their money as fast as possible knowing that it might be worth nothing the next day. Rich and poor alike were in the same predicament.

#### Equality and Unity

The feeling of equality that came then and the feeling of unity born during the war are helped by the wearing of the brown shirt; in uniform the lawyer and the journalist and the farmer and the shopkeeper feel that they all stand for the same ideal. Hitler realises that it is not good to have trade unions against organisations of employers; both should unite for the common good. An industrial system cannot be changed suddenly, but he thinks it best to change the attitude of the people who live under that system, so that employer and employee have the will to cooperate.

Dr Schirmer acknowledged that much remains to be done; he asked for willingness on our part to free ourselves of preconceived ideas and to understand the difficulties. He admitted that things had been done which should not have been done, but he thought every decent Englishman would realise that the German people as a whole, even (with a twinkle in his eye) the bloodthirsty Nazis, were just as much horrified by the brutalities that have taken place as the Englishman is.

#### THE AERIAL ROBOT

A new device to make flying safer has been added to the aeroplane by the constant speed airscrew.

Unlike the speeds of motor-cars, those of planes are governed by the pitch of the propeller blades. In some types variations are controllable by the pilot. The propeller of the British plane which won the race to Melbourne was capable of two changes, one for take-off, the other for high-speed flight.

The constant speed airscrew, an American invention, maintains automatically any selected rate of revolutions of the propeller, whatever the height or the load. At the same time it adjusts the pitch of the propeller blades without action by the pilot.

The chief value of the invention is that it reduces the risk of human error.



## A BOY THANKS A RAILWAY

AND PLAYS GREAT MUSIC

A Little Recital For the Station Staff

### THE GIRL WHO WOULD NOT PRACTISE

Harold Reubens was seven when his mother first brought him from Cardiff to London for lessons with the teacher who could, she thought, inspire him to do his best work. After that he came regularly every week-end, going to school in the interval.

His mother travelled with him for a time, but it was a costly journey, and as soon as she was sure he knew the way from Paddington Station to his music-teacher's house she put him on the train at Cardiff in charge of the guard. Harold now is 13; in the past seven years he has come to know many of the men on the Great Western; they are his friends.

#### Kindly Interest

A time came, last spring, when their regular week-end passenger failed to appear. They felt a touch of justifiable pride when the news leaked through that he had gone abroad to give concerts; that the British Embassy in Berlin had held a reception for him; that he had played to a king and a queen. Their Harold was doing well, and hadn't they always predicted he would?

Not long ago Harold fell to thinking how much all this kindly interest had meant to him, and wished he could do something to express his thanks; but, like a good many boys at 13, Harold does not easily find words for his feelings. He could say it in music!

So the Paddington staff, and as many other Great Western men as could come, were invited to a special recital, just for them and their wives and children, with refreshments afterwards; and Harold played them great music, selected down the centuries from the sixteen hundreds.

#### Speechless With Wonder

He asked the men to come as they were, straight from work; but no, this was a concert and merited an extra wash and best clothes!

Harold's masterful rendering of Beethoven's Pathetic Sonata left the audience speechless with wonder; but when he played them Weber's Perpetuo Moto they felt more at home—here was a theme they understood thoroughly. Another popular choice was a selection of folk-songs from England, Ireland, and Wales.

"Speech! Speech!" demanded the young pianist's friends as the programme came to a close. Harold looked non-plussed. "I'll play some more!" he volunteered, taking refuge in his piano. But there was no getting out of it; he had to say a few words.

"I've enjoyed playing to you," he managed to say, "because if it were not for you and your railway I should not have been able to play; I should not have been able to come and learn how."

#### Sandwiches and Tea

Mr Williams, the stationmaster, offered the thanks of the audience in words that came straight from his heart; then the sandwiches were passed with the tea and the talk became general.

"And do you play too?" someone inquired of a girl of 11 whose dark eyes lighted up with pleasure. She did, though her father, a shunter, complained that she would not practise. In a charmingly obliging way, without any false modesty, little Margaret Perry then went to the piano and played her new piece from memory, a rare feat for her. Harold's performance had plainly inspired her; and it is our belief that that monotonous reminder, "Margaret, isn't it time you did your practising now?" will henceforward be heard less frequently in the Perry household.

## FEEDING YOUNG ENGLAND

They Want More Milk

EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY WE ARE BETTER FED

Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, gives us the reassuring news that every day in every way the English people are fed better and better. He adds that the feeding begins in the right place, with the schoolchildren.

The nutrition of the nation as a whole is better than it has ever been in the history of the English people. Starvation is practically unknown.

The best news about the feeding of schoolchildren is that even in the two years of depression through which we have been passing there was practically no increase of underfeeding among them.

But, though now only one child in 20 is underfed as against one in eight 20 years ago, there is still much to be done. Out of 3,000,000 examined 40,000 showed that either they had not had enough to eat or were badly fed.

The question of proper feeding is part of the problem of unemployment, and this will never decrease unless the children get a good start. For this reason the country may congratulate itself on its wise expenditure of money in supplying meals to schoolchildren. It has diminished many of the consequences of underfeeding among them, such as anaemia, tuberculosis, and rickets, to a marked extent; but still more waits to be done.

Milk is supplied to schoolchildren at a halfpenny for a third of a pint. If the country made it a penny a pint the cost would not be great. The benefit would be immense.

### QUEER

#### Test of a British Engine To Be Made in France

It is odd to read that a British locomotive is to be tested in France!

The great new North Eastern locomotive Cock o' the North, the most powerful passenger engine we have, has journeyed to the new French locomotive testing station at Vitry near Paris. Twenty years ago this would have been a formidable trip for an engine weighing 110 tons without its tender, which scales 55 additional tons; in those days it would have had to be partially dismantled and re-assembled.

Now the mighty engine has gone by train ferry across the Channel. The rail gauge being the same in France as here, the locomotive was run on to the train ferry and, after crossing from Harwich, was run on to the French metals and then under its own steam to Paris.

Odd it is that we who gave the world the steam engine have not after 100 years a testing station big enough for the great engines we can make.

### KINDNESS NOT NEW

The People Who Have Not Improved

Newspapers reported the other day that a fox had taken refuge in an English rectory and been killed by the hounds behind a bookcase.

An ancient Jewish law forbade a man to kill an animal which had taken refuge in his house.

Professor Clement Rogers has just been pointing out that kindness to animals is not a modern invention. He recalls that in a decree of May 14, 316, Constantine ordered drivers of horses used in public services to wield only light rods or goads with short points, and not to overdrive their beasts.

From the beginning of time there have been merciful men, but some people do not seem any kinder for the passing of all the ages.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

### The Exile

PETER PUCK wants to know why he has been crowded off his usual page this week.

He points out that he has occupied his little box on Page Six for nearly 16 years, and, unlike the rest of the staff, has never taken a week off, and does not look a day older than in C.N. Number 1. He is very proud of his record of asking 822 questions *not one of which could be answered*.

Our only excuse is that it is Christmas; so Peter has consented to appear here on our promise that he shall return to his proper page next week.

☪

### Tip-Cat

SERVANTS should have plenty of go in them, declares a lady. We prefer staying power.

☪

UMBRELLA-MAKERS like wet weather. Think it fine.

☪

THERE are some men to whom we must take off our hats. Phrenologists.

☪

WE must take things as they come, says a speaker. Suppose they don't?

☪

Two boys were turned out of a cinema for laughing too much at a funny film.

They laughed until they cried.

☪

TIGHT shoes make the feet go to sleep. And pinch them to see if they're awake.

☪

To succeed a man must take himself seriously. Otherwise he gets left behind.

☪

WILD birds are overfed by

Nature-lovers, says a writer. But that doesn't make them wild.

☪

TRAPEZE artists get high pay. Always have a good balance.

☪

PEOPLE often cease to be friends after you have lent them money. And you yourself lose interest.

☪

Too many well-paid jobs don't require brain work, we are told. A thoughtless arrangement.

☪

### THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS FUND has spent £350,000 on national treasures.

MR EDWARD HARKNESS has given 4,000,000 dollars for a library at Columbia University.

### JUST AN IDEA

We wish the gentlemen who are so busy telling us that this is an age of over-production would go down our street and ring the bells and ask the mothers to make a list of the things they would like for the house and the children.

## THE POOR BROTHERS

Giving Up Everything

THE HOMES GROWING UP AND DOING WELL

One of our correspondents has been to see eight poor men who have given up all their possessions and who, by organising the Homes of St Francis, tramping the country, and sleeping in workhouses, are rescuing hundreds of down-and-out men and boys from the life of the roads.

These 20th-century followers of St Francis have had a steady year of progress. At Andover in Hampshire a new Home has been opened in an old vicarage. A happy family of 17 homeless men have been living there, all thankful for a roof and food and a chance of learning a trade.

### A Boy Wayfarer

The seventeen began well, for five have found employment and their places have been taken by other wayfarers, eager to seize this unexpected chance in life which would never have come to them but for the Poor Brothers. The village people, instead of treating them as tramps, have allowed them to join in all their activities. Seven of the men belong to the village Choral Society and enthusiastically practise music in their spare time.

Robert Bicknell, a boy wayfarer, is finding life at the Sussex Home far more interesting than when he was tramping the roads, enduring hunger and exposure. He has transformed the ground round the Home and dug and planted it with many vegetables for next year. In this Home the men are so cramped for space that the recreation-room has to be used as a dormitory.

There is a perpetual crush and cramp, says the warden.

It is good to know that the North Wales Home at Festiniog, which was nearly closed down last year for lack of funds, has weathered the storm, thanks to many helpers, among whom were C.N. readers who saw our appeal and sent over £20. Although it is now nearly self-supporting and sells many eggs, vegetables, and poultry the Home still needs outside help.

### Breaking Down the Barriers

At the Cornish Home several men have found work and done valiantly in hard jobs, and one Brother, who was looked on as unemployable, has turned into a most useful handyman with a permanent job in the Midlands.

There are many ways of helping this remarkable movement, which is breaking down the barriers between vagrants who desperately tramp the roads in search of work and the fortunate people who have homes. At the Priory of Saint Francis, Cerne Abbas, Dorchester, the Brothers have Christmas cards for sale, and beautiful calendars, painted shields, and bulb bowls made out of old gramophone records.

### THE THEATRES

#### Amazing Figures For Middlesex

The Middlesex Licensing Committee now licenses theatres and picture-houses with a total seating accommodation of 128,410.

The population of Middlesex is now about 300,000 families, so that the county has now two theatre seats for every five families. It is clear that the picture-theatre is now visited by the great majority of our people, which makes the nature of its influence of primary importance.

If 128,410 seats are filled daily, we get roundly 47,000,000 seats filled in a year. Dividing by 300,000 families, each Middlesex family on the average takes 150 seats a year!

It is said that £400,000 has been offered for the site of King Edward's School in New Street, Birmingham.



# Arthur Mee's Broadcast

Autumn Supplement to the Children's Newspaper—Number Ten

## THE DRAMATIC RISE OF MAN

*Having studied the marvellous evidences around us of the Mind at work in Nature's kingdoms, we come this week to consider the three great steps in the dramatic rise of Man.*

MAN, says Sir Arthur Keith, perhaps the greatest authority now living, is probably six million years old: that is to say, the gulf of Time which stretched from the birth of man to the Crucifixion was three thousand times as long as the time from the Crucifixion till now. But the little we know of the history of man in these six million years is crowded into one six-hundredth part; we know very little about life beyond ten thousand years ago.

The written history of mankind is like the story of a traveller round the world who has forgotten everything that happened except on the return journey from Dover to London. It is like a summer's day in the unwritten annals of Time, with Moses on Mount Sinai in the morning, Paul at Athens in the afternoon and Shakespeare writing Hamlet in the evening. In eternal Time the diary of the human race is one day old.

Yet man has done incalculable things within this narrow space of human history; he did incalculable things before his history began. It was not for

Science has no doubt that man came down from the trees, set himself erect, adapted his body to situations and environments for which Nature had not made it, and, walking the Earth on two feet, made himself its overlord by the power of his hands.

*It was the first of the three great steps in the dramatic rise of Man.*

Now he was king indeed. Alone upon the Earth he could pick up a stone and throw it, and the throwing of a stone was the beginning of civilisation. Man is what he is through the warfare of peace; his powers have grown by using them. He had come into the world built on the plan of all creatures of his kind, but with something wonderful and strange within him; the choice of his brain as the throne of Mind on the Earth had raised him on high. Nature made him one thing; he made himself another.

He has set himself up, though his feet were not made for walking.

One thing that happened now must be counted among the most dramatic steps in the rise of man. Man could stand erect and throw a stone and use a tool; and when he arrived at this great stage Life had his weapons waiting. Roughed out for him in the ocean bed

creatures, the sea changed places with the Earth, and left them on dry land, and there man found them when he stood erect, the very things he needed then, the tools with which he was to win supremacy over his ancient foes, the actual foundation-stones of human progress. Man took these flints, split them and shaped them, and made them tools and weapons. They were his hammers and axes and knives, his borers and piercers and swords, his instruments of progress, his weapons of defence, his capital. He could throw a stone and could use a tool.

*It was the second of the three great steps in the dramatic rise of Man.*

So the worker arrived in the Stone Age workshop, standing at the dawn of Industry. But he stood there greater than he knew, for with him he brought a weapon mightier than the flints he had fashioned into tools. We do not know for certain, but it is likely that when man set himself erect he gave himself not only the power of using tools, but the power of speech as well. Now, at any rate, and by whatever means, man stood erect, he learned to use a tool, and he could speak.

Science has no more amazing tale to tell than the tale of how a fish leaped

into the larynx, the arches of the gills have become the chain of bones within the ear; and so, by ways beyond our understanding, Life had crept upward, and the organs of a lowly creature swimming in the ocean depths have been transformed into the music of children and the song of the lark at Heaven's gate. There is something fitting in the comparison, for Life and Mind have risen indeed from the depths to the heights as if by music.

Now the man who stood erect, the man with his hands, had found his tongue.

*He had taken the third great step on his way to the throne of the Earth.*

What unthinkable spaces of time elapsed from step to step, by what amazing processes these transformations came about, we cannot tell; but without these three new powers in man the world we know could not have been. It is the man who can walk erect about the world, using his hands to move things and make things and his tongue to make his wants and wishes known, who has raised the world above the moral level of the forest and jungle, and made it a habitable and happy place for human beings.

We may doubt if, in all the ages in which man has been in partnership with Nature, he has done anything that can



nothing that Mind set its holy temple in a physical frame; the power that was to work through man to make the world what it is first set man in authority above all other creatures. So far man had been four-footed with the beasts; he had lived in trees and caves to protect himself against the lion and the bear; but the greatest transformation ever known was now to come, for the lowly tenant of trees and caves set himself on his feet. This creature, made to creep and crawl and climb, forced himself erect and walked: he stood upright.

he found them ready to his hand as the sea moved into its new basins; he took them, and split them, and rubbed them, and shaped them, and the man of the Stone Age was here, with axe-heads and arrow-heads and hammers, with saws and borers and sharp blades and all that variety of tools with which he laid down the beginning of the world in which a man was king.

There is not much poetry in a flint as it lies on your garden path, but down in the sea these flints were hardened from dissolving bodies of tiny

out of the sea and became a man, and in all that wondrous story is nothing to compare with the building up of human speech. The mechanism of the voice can be traced back to a fish of countless ages past as clearly as we trace the Aquitania back to a primitive raft—and just as clearly do we trace through it all the working of a mighty Mind, the purpose ever moving on, the power invincible that sees the end in the beginning and does not fail. The air-bladder of the fish has become the lungs of a man, the gills of the fish have grown

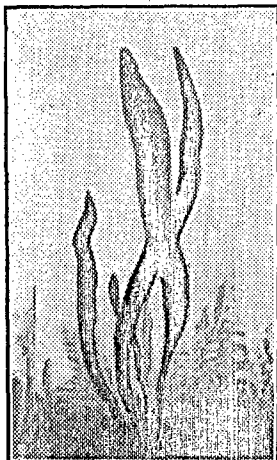
be compared with the early triumphs of his mind over his body. They stand out as the supreme accomplishments of the Mind which dominates the Universe, and in thinking of them we are confronted with what was probably the first stupendous achievement of the human race, the creation of Language.

Of all the things Mind has done since it found its temple in a human skull, what can compare with its building up of words? Simple things, but let a horse try to learn them.

*continued next week*



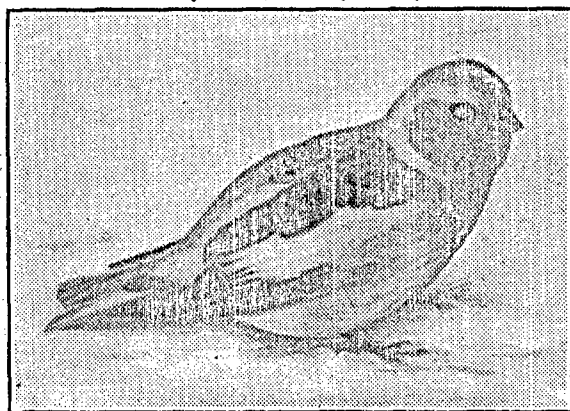
## NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



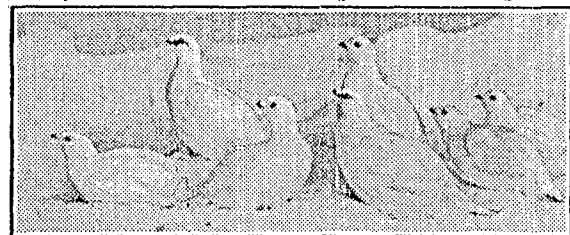
The prickly-seeded seaweed is often thrown up on beaches at this time of year



The winter buds of hazel and hawthorn are now seen conspicuously on the trees



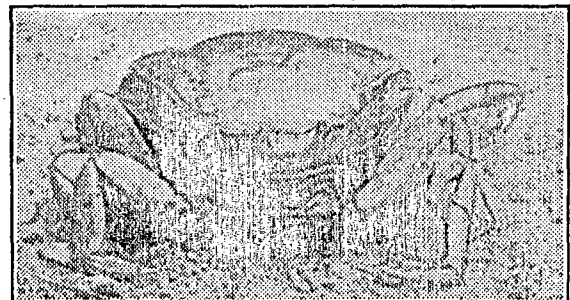
The snow bunting, a winter visitor from the Arctic, is now fairly common in Scotland although it is rare in England



The ptarmigan, or snow chick, found on high mountains in Scotland, is now almost entirely white



Now that the leaves have gone we can see how the slender branches of the wild cherry tree droop



Among signs of life to be found on our beaches just now is the green shore crab, which can be seen crawling on the sand or moving about in rock pools

## The Story of Ten Thousand Years TROUBLE IN EUROPE AND THE EAST

Here we pass briefly in review the Napoleonic wars and the misrule of Turkey in Europe, and go on to deal with the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny.

WHEN Napoleon made his own brother King of Spain the Spanish people rose up against him, and the British sent armies to help them under Sir Arthur Wellesley, who became the famous Duke of Wellington. For four years Wellington fought against Napoleon's generals in Spain, while Napoleon himself was seeking to bring the rest of Europe under his heel. Then Napoleon, finding that Russia would not do his will, invaded Russia with half a million men. Though he won battles his army perished for lack of food; it met its doom through the awful frosts of a cruel winter. Only a few out of the half million came back again from Russia.

### Napoleon at St Helena

Meanwhile, though the rulers of Europe trembled before Napoleon, the peoples were filled with a consuming hatred of the foreign yoke. While Wellington crushed his troops in Spain, the army Napoleon himself led was crushed by the allied nations at Leipzig. So Napoleon surrendered his imperial crown and was banished to Elba; yet, before a year had passed, he was back again, rallying the French nation to his standard. But the last desperate effort failed. At Waterloo Wellington held him at bay for a whole day till Blücher and the Prussian Army arrived on the field of battle. The army of Napoleon was destroyed past all hope of recovery; and Napoleon himself was sent to end his days on the lonely rock of St Helena.

In the midst of this tremendous war the British had been fighting with one after another of the great States in India; and just after it was over came their last great fight with the Mahratta race. From that time, right up to the lands where the Indus flows with its tributaries, the native princes, who were still supposed to rule half the country, all owned the British for their overlords, while the other half of the country was altogether governed by the British themselves. Moreover, the Dutch colony in South Africa was brought under British dominion, and Great Britain had also taken undisputed possession of the Australian Continent.

### Turkish Misrule

Following the fall of Napoleon nearly forty years passed without war between the chief European nations. Internally wounds had to be healed; externally arose the idea of the Concert of Europe.

The first outbreak of hostilities arose out of Turkish misrule in the Balkans and the Mediterranean. In 1827 Greece, with the active sympathy of our own country, France, and Russia, obtained her freedom. Russia, continuing the policy of Tsar Alexander the First, pressed her claims as champion of the Eastern or Orthodox Church in the Balkans with it, appeared, the ultimate objective of driving the Turks out of Europe and occupying Constantinople. France and England decided to support Turkey, to find out, in the words used by Lord Salisbury many years later, that they had put their money on the wrong horse.

Meanwhile Spain lost her dominions in South America. Belgium, separated from Holland, had her independence

guaranteed by ourselves, France, and Prussia. While Prussian influence in the North German States increased the South German States leaned toward Austria. France, tired of the Bourbons, reverted in 1848 to a Republic, accepting Louis, a nephew of Napoleon, as its President, then voted him President for life, and in 1852 made him Emperor. Before this France had begun to found her empire in Africa by conquering Algeria, long a lair of piracy. We annexed Sind, the Punjab, and Oudh, and parts of Burma, but had some unhappy experiences in Afghanistan in our efforts to check Russian progress toward the Indian frontier.

### The Crimean War

About five years after Louis had been proclaimed Emperor under the title of Napoleon the Third he saw what he thought to be an opportunity for successful war to consolidate his throne.

More than a hundred years earlier France had claimed from Turkey a guardianship over the Holy Places preserved in Jerusalem by the Western Church. Russia made a similar claim on behalf of the Eastern Church. Trouble arising among the Eastern and Western monks on the spot, Napoleon intervened on behalf of the Western Church. Turkey expressed her willingness to abide by the decision of an independent inquiry. Ignoring France, Russia presented an ultimatum to Turkey. As Turkey disregarded this ultimatum Russian troops invaded her territory, whereupon our country, with France, took Turkey's side. The result was the Crimean War of 1854-56. This left for us proud memories of many brave deeds, but it left also a bitter shame because of our grave neglect of our soldiers. By doing so much to remedy this neglect Florence Nightingale laid the foundations of modern nursing.

In the following year (1857) came the Indian Mutiny, a number of the native troops of the East India Company breaking out in open revolt. At this time the troops in India were nearly 300,000, in the proportion of about eight Indian soldiers to one British soldier. They were scattered over nearly the whole of the Peninsula. The mutiny, which was chiefly in Bengal, began suddenly with murder of English officers and massacres, as at Cawnpore, of white women and children. The response was swift and effective. The early fighting centred chiefly on Delhi, where the mutineers set up their capital, and Lucknow, where a small force of Europeans was long besieged. Delhi was daringly captured and Lucknow heroically defended. When the mutiny had been quelled the Government of India was transferred to the Crown. To the heroic story the fidelity of Indians contributed an honourable share.

### A Secret Agreement

Sardinia and Piedmont, representing the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, had joined with France and our own country in the Crimean War. When that war was over Count Cavour, the Italian statesman, secretly agreed with Napoleon the Third that, if Napoleon would help Victor Emmanuel should Austria attack Piedmont, and the Austrians be beaten, then Piedmont might annex Lombardy and Venetia, while Savoy and Nice might be given to France.

continued next week



A delightful group

## A LITTLE VISIT

HERE one of the finest streets in England carries the traffic from London to Bath. It has half-a-mile of fascinating gables, dormer windows, and red roofs, and a church at each end.

At the London end of the street is St Mary's Church, made new in the 17th century after a fire, but of remarkable interest for some of its possessions. It has a magnificent Norman doorway under its western tower; but let into the wall inside the church are fragments of sculpture by artists as far beyond the Normans as the Normans are from us. They are Roman.

In the battlements above the south porch is a carving of a cat, which we like to think of as a pretty fancy of one of the 17th-century sculptors. The story is that when the church was on fire a cat saved its kittens from the ruin.

It was to the church at the other end of the street, St Peter's, that there came 400 years ago a butcher's son from Ipswich to be ordained. He was Thomas Wolsey, and he had not yet formed within him that ambition to be master of England which was to overthrow him.

The church has a magnificent tower, a vaulted porch, a finely-carved reredos, and elegant arches enriched with angels. On the walls are two pathetic memories, a tablet to three children and a charming little sculpture in red and black and gold to three other little ones who died within a month in the home of the Lord Chief Justice of Charles Stuart's England.

### Mighty Witnesses

For those, if there are those, who tire of walking up and down this fine old street there is a wondrous world all round about. The famous Marlborough College is built over a mound in which legend tells us Merlin lies, but surer than legend are the mighty witnesses everywhere. Here runs Wansdyke, the great wall built across our western countryside just after the Romans left.

Here is Savernake, the marvellous forest 16 miles round, with avenues that take our breath away, oaks and beeches like giants of the centuries, and quiet little glades where the world can be forgotten. A little way on the road to Bath lies Silbury Hill, the biggest artificial mound in Europe, and across a field or two lie the gigantic stones of Avebury, to which a great avenue ran from Silbury Hill 4000 years ago.

A few minutes walk out of this famous street and we are looking at the White Horse cut in the cliffs about the time of Waterloo by Marlborough



## Familiar Sights of Our New World

### THE FARMER AND HIS MACHINES

THE seasons follow each other in their eternal cycle, with the days for ploughing and seeding merging into the season of growth which gently glides on until the time is ripe to garner the harvest.

Each day the sun rises and sets in beauty. Frost breaks up the lumps of clay and sweetens the earth. Clouds sail across the sky. Showers make the lush grass greener and send the wheat shooting up.

So Nature goes on in the old, old way. But the old ways of farming are vanishing before our eyes.

There was music in the sound of the stone sharpening the scythe and in the swish of the blade through the-ripe grasses; poetry in the motions of the bronzed peasant who swung to and fro, leaving the cut grass laid in rows that might have been measured with a tape without finding an inch of difference in any of them.

#### The Picturesque and the Practical

In the old days the farmer jogged to market behind a horse that knew the road and was wise enough to find its way back to the farm after the market was over if the reins dangled limply in the hands of the sleepy driver.

But the modern farmer drives to market in his fast car. Not a horse is left in the stables. Instead there are petrol tractors, masterpieces of mechanism that cover such large areas in a day compared with the horses.

It was a pleasure to watch the old man plodding behind the team unrolling a single brown ribbon of loam with his bright ploughshare. But the new farmer turns two or four furrows at a time; on the wide prairies of the Western world he may use a giant steam engine that will plough sixteen furrows at once.

And when the soil has weathered he sets his tractor racing up and down the field with the rollers to break it down, gives the good earth a rake with the harrow to make the surface ready for the seed, after which the motor chugs up and down the field while the seed runs out of the hopper into the drills at precise intervals so that none is wasted and the green blades shoot up in lines which are about as regular as those of a woven carpet.

#### Scythe and Mowing Machine

Out in the hayfield the scythe has given way to the mowing machine with its flashing knives that jig to and fro with a noise like that of a gigantic sewing-machine as the motor speeds round the field, leaving the cut grass lying in its wake.

In the potato field the machine plants potatoes at the right intervals with a rapidity which leaves the most dexterous human hand far behind, while when the crop is ripe the digging machine turns the potatoes out of the ground in an ever-moving stream.

The hedges that used to separate the farm into small fields are being rooted out so that the modern farmer can give his tractors a longer run without turning them. In addition to this the hitherto useless land on which the hedges stood is being made to yield crops.

The old farmer looked at the meadows, saw that the grass was ripe for cutting, then glanced at the sky and, after a deal of cogitation about the weather, decided to start haymaking. And very often

the rain would start falling and ruin a good part of the crop.

The modern farmer relies upon the meteorological experts who are studying the weather reports from afar and can foretell with considerable accuracy what the weather will be like two or three days ahead.

The old-fashioned farmer was content to manure his land with stable manure, and trust to luck that the earth was not lacking in some particular element that was necessary for the well-being of the crop he proposed to grow.

#### Science and the Soil

The new farmer will test his soil to see whether it lacks nitrogen or lime or some other chemical essential. Should he be unable to make the test himself, he will send a sample of the soil to some institute where an expert will make the test for him. And instead of piling those heaps of steaming manure across the fields he works his magic with sacks of powders in the form of phosphate or nitrate or lime or whatever may be essential for the purpose.

He must keep in touch with all the latest agricultural discoveries. It is not sufficient for him to know that the land lacks a certain chemical; he must know the best time to scatter it. Some must go on when the land lies fallow, others be drilled in when the crop has reached a certain stage of growth, so that the plants can respond to the stimulus and assimilate the chemical food before it is dissipated.

A speck on the leaf of a potato plant is a danger signal that sends his men going down the field spraying the plants with a chemical to stop a disease from developing. He calls on the scientists at the Ministry of Agriculture to help him with his problems; he draws on the experience of the scientists at the wonderful experimental farm at Rothamsted, where the science of growing crops and manuring land has been studied and tabulated for so long.

He knows full well that he must farm with intelligence and all the knowledge available if he is to make a living, so he searches the market for the new and improved varieties of wheat and barley and beans and peas and other things that are likely to give him bigger and better crops.

Petrol and steam engines are displacing the horse, and the most remarkable inventions help the modern farmer to cultivate the soil. On the wide prairies he juggles with mammoth machines that cut, thresh, and bag the grain; at one side the standing corn is cut while the bags of wheat drop out at the other.

#### The Use of Electricity

Nor is this all. The modern farmer is charging the land with electric currents to see if the growth is helped, lighting the experimental houses at night to learn if electric light will induce the crop to ripen sooner.

The modern farmer at the same time looks to the scientist to fight disease and to the plant-breeder for plants that resist disease, while growers with acres of glass treat mountains of earth each season by a special heat process to destroy the pests in the soil and the spores of disease.

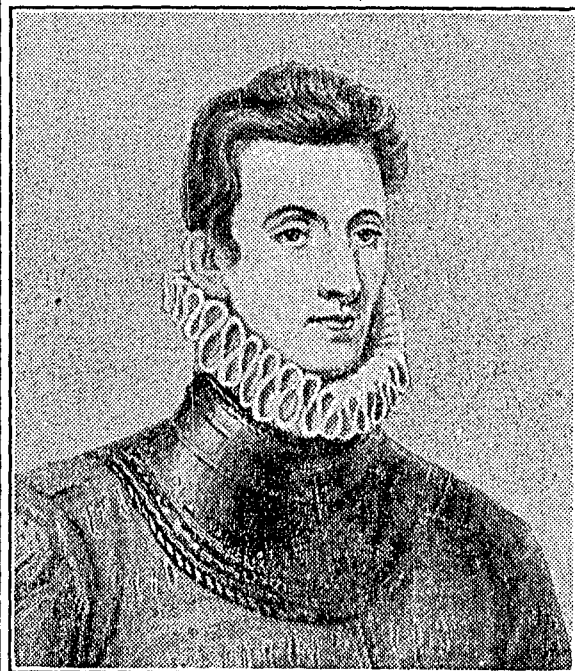
The new farmer is using all the resources of science and invention to wrest a living from the land.

## PICTURE MUSEUM

### SIR PHILIP SIDNEY



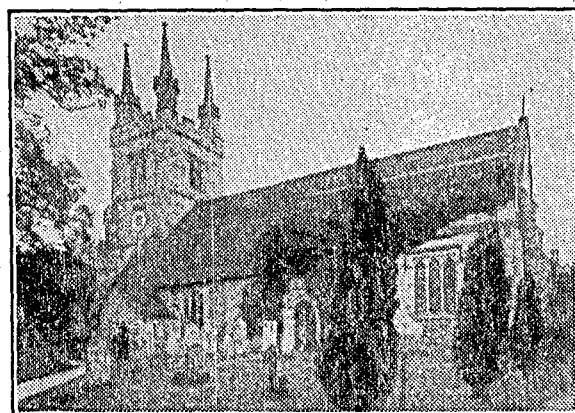
His helmet and his cuirass



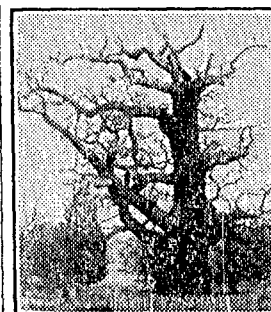
Sir Philip Sidney: born November 30, 1554; died October 17, 1586



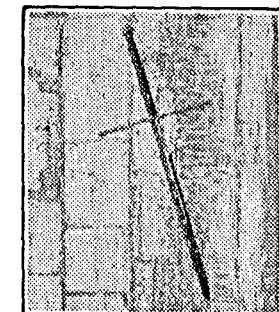
The gateway of his home, Penshurst Place in Kent



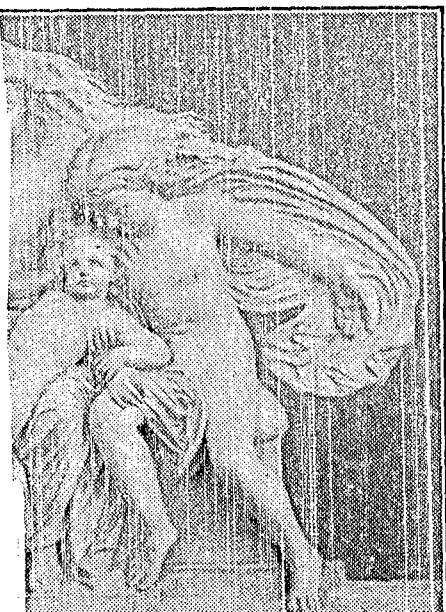
He went to this church at Penshurst



The oak planted at Penshurst at Sidney's birth



Sir Philip Sidney's sword at Penshurst



Thomas Woolner

## TO MARLBOROUGH

Boys; and on the way to it we are brought to a pause by the stately columns of a noble hall. It is a surprising peep from a country road, and it stands as a monument to Marlborough boys who died in a war compared with which Waterloo was but a skirmish. It is the great memorial hall of Marlborough College, with a flagged garden in front of it, fragrant with lavender.

#### Deeds of the Valiant

Out of the garden steps rise to the chapel, and let into the ground at the top of the steps are these lines:

*Let us make Earth a garden in which  
all the deeds of the valiant shall  
blossom and bear fruit.*

Round the chapel outside, fixed like gargoyles, are a hundred curious stone carvings. Inside is an interesting series of impressive panel paintings in stained-glass windows, strikingly effective in this great place 60 feet high and 178 feet long. The twelve panels are by Spencer Stanhope, a pupil of Burne-Jones; and they form a noble gallery worthy of their setting. They show the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden, Ishmael dying of thirst, the three Marys at the Tomb, the Annunciation, the Visitation, and Gethsemane. Another stained-glass window is by William Morris, who was at school here.

Among those Marlborough boys whose names will live for evermore was the first V.C. of Kitchener's Army, Sidney Clayton Woodruffe, who fell in 1915, the bravest of the brave, his colonel said.

Of him wrote another Marlborough boy, who was to follow him within a month, Charles Sorley:

*There is no fitter end than this,  
No need is now to yearn or sigh,  
We know the glory that is his,  
The glory that can never die.  
Surely we knew it all before  
Knew all along that he was made  
For a swift radiant morning,  
For a sacrificing swift night's shade.*

It was another Marlborough boy, Arthur Lewis Jenkins, who wrote of those who died before him:

*Surely they sleep content, our valiant dead,  
Fallen untimely in the savage strife:  
They have but followed whither duty led,  
To find a fuller life.*

Alas, this other hero was to fall as Sidney Clayton Woodruffe fell, and as Charles Sorley fell, a week or two after writing his last poem. He was one of the most brilliant of all the Marlborough boys who fell in the war.



# NATURE'S CHRISTMAS BOX TO EVERY CHILD



*We reprint this, Nature's promise to us all, from the Children's Encyclopedia, where the children of the world have long been reading it in several languages.*

**I** NATURE, give to you, to be yours for ever and ever, the right to the free enjoyment of this world. I give to you the years that are before you, and the world that is about you.

**I** GIVE to you the Sun by day and the Moon and stars by night, with the power to wake as the Earth rolls into the light of the Sun, and power to sleep when the night comes.

**I** GIVE to you the beauty of the Earth in the golden hour of dawn, with the vision of the Sun as it climbs above the hills, with the glow of fire across the meadow and the sparkle on the river that runs past. The sight of the new stirring of the light of the world, the sound of all moving things that praise their Maker, the feeling that uplifts the heart as the light breaks on another day, are yours.

**I** GIVE you the eager hope of spring, with the right to see the slow disrobing of the winter Earth and the slow unveiling of her secret treasury. I give to you the untold glory of a summer's day, with the touch of God in every lane and the fire of the Sun in every rose. I give to you the eternal promise of autumn, with the faith of all growing things in the life that will come again. I give to you the peace of the Earth on a winter's day, with the robe of stainless white not made with hands. I give to you the full glory of the changing year, and perfect trust in the ways of God that have never failed upon the Earth.

**I** GIVE to you the quiet of the hilltop, the vision of the smiling world that

opens out below, the green fields that stretch far away until they touch the sky. I give you the path that brings you to the valley, with the trees that rise like silent sentinels to guard the peace of the woodland walks where you may be alone. I give you the thrill of heights where a man can think no mean thing, and the calm of the hidden places where little children seek and find the key of the Kingdom of Heaven.

**T**he leaping joy of spring, the glittering dance of summer, the rustling of the leaves in autumn, the stillness and strengthening of winter, I give to you. I give to you the ceaseless wonder of day and night, and the seasons as they pass.

**I** GIVE you the song that has been in the world since the birds began to sing, the joyous hymn of the lark and the plaintive music of the nightingale; the beauty that has been on Earth since flowers began to peep; the silver lamps that have hung in the sky since the stars began to shine.

**I** GIVE you understanding of the voices of dumb things—the neigh of the horse that a rider loves, the bark of the dog that has been man's friend throughout the years, and the purring of the cat on the hearth. I give you the music of the day to stir your soul, and the stillness of the night in which you hear, if you listen, the voice of God.

**I** GIVE you the gentle breeze that kisses the face of a child and the wind that tosses the ship at sea. I give you tenderness and strength. I give you the charity that comforts the sufferer and the pity that softens the life of the poor. I give you the wisdom of health and the power to build up in your body a holy temple for your soul. I give you the

power to think and know and understand, the power to love books and all beautiful things. I give you the power to win the love of little children and the power to hold your head high among men.

**I** GIVE you the waters of the Earth, with the right to listen to the whisper of the stream as it rises in the hills, to the chatter of the river as it gathers and widens, and to the shout of the cataract as it splashes through the rocks. I give you the beauty of the moving sea when kissed by the Sun, and the vision of the liquid peaks that rise and fall. I give you the slowly creeping waves that have never been still since the seas were made, and the rocks they have ground into golden sands.

**I** GIVE you the oceans in calm and storm, with the waters that dance in the air, the showers and the winds, the snow that clothes the world anew in a night, the rain that taps on the window, the rainbow that springs out of the Sun.

**I** GIVE you, free for ever, with the right to take whom you will, the full enjoyment of the Natural Gallery of everlasting pictures, and the right to see the unveiling of all sunsets, the covering of the heath with red and gold, the floating past of the clouds that ride like mountain peaks across the sky. I give you access to all the bushes laden with berries, to the daffodils and the violet beds, to the place where ferns and mosses hide, and to the tulips when they hang their heads at night.

**I** GIVE to you the power to remember and the power to forget, and I give you the strength to forgive. I give you the love of the quiet places where the burden of the petty things will fall away. I give you the right to wander

by the brook that babbles o'er the pebbles, to rise early in the morning and see the dew on every buttercup, to lose yourself among the heather and in the field of the cloth of gold.

**I** GIVE you the Past, with its heritage of good and ill. I give you the Present, with the opportunity that knows no bounds. I give you the Future, with the years that never end and know no sorrow.

**I** GIVE to you the long, long thoughts of youth and the memories of the years; the hope of the dawning life, the dream of the days to be, and the looking-back. I give you the yearning and the craving that make life sweet. I give you the time of waiting and the time of fulfilment. I give you the spirit that good fortune does not mar nor ill fortune break.

**I** GIVE you the calm that looks out upon the world and will not be discomfited. I give you the heart that does not quail; the courage that does not flinch; the faith that will not fail in the Valley of the Shadow. I give you the power to believe in the everlasting spirit of the world.

**I** GIVE you the love of true things, the love of pure things, and the companionship of sweet liberty. I give you the scorn of all ignoble things, the hate of all things evil, and the strength to march breast-forward against them until they are destroyed.

**I** GIVE you the promise that they shall be destroyed, that the face of the Earth shall be fair, that the mind of man shall be free, that all that come from God shall yet return to Him, that little children yet shall see the Dawn that no man knows.





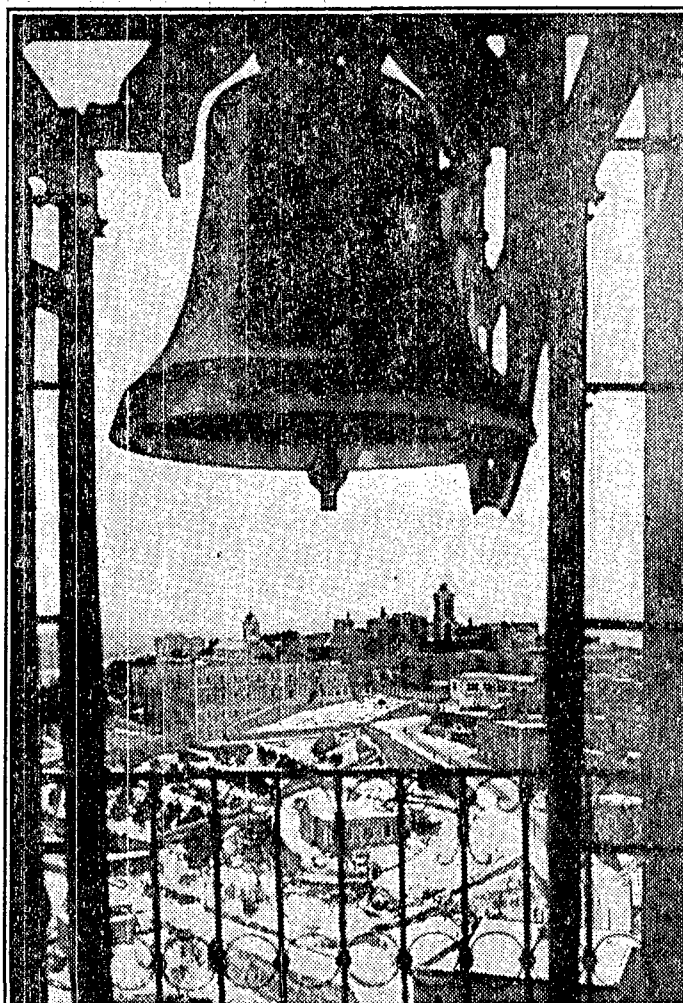
# FISHERMEN'S HORSES · BELLS OF BETHLEHEM · THE EGG MACHINE



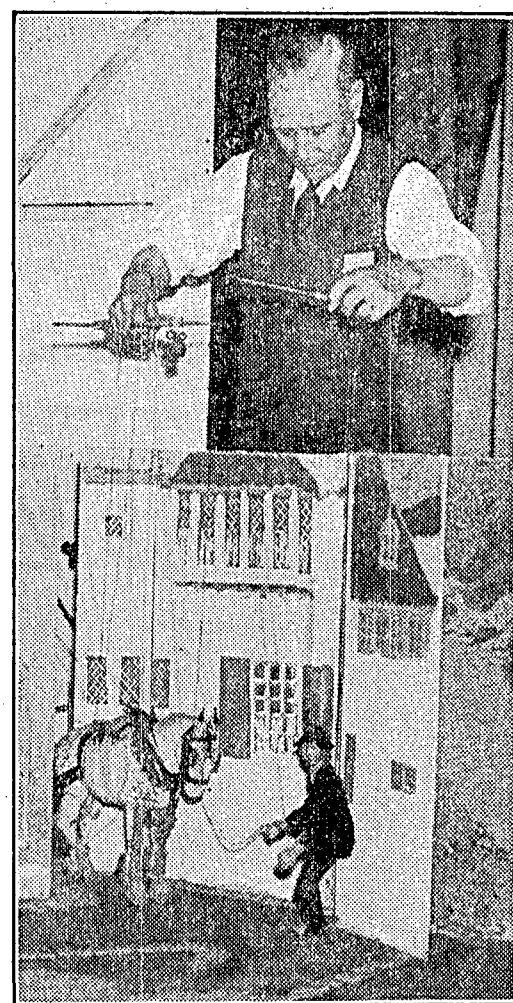
The Fishermen's Horses—Hauling a boat across the sands at Filey on the Yorkshire coast.



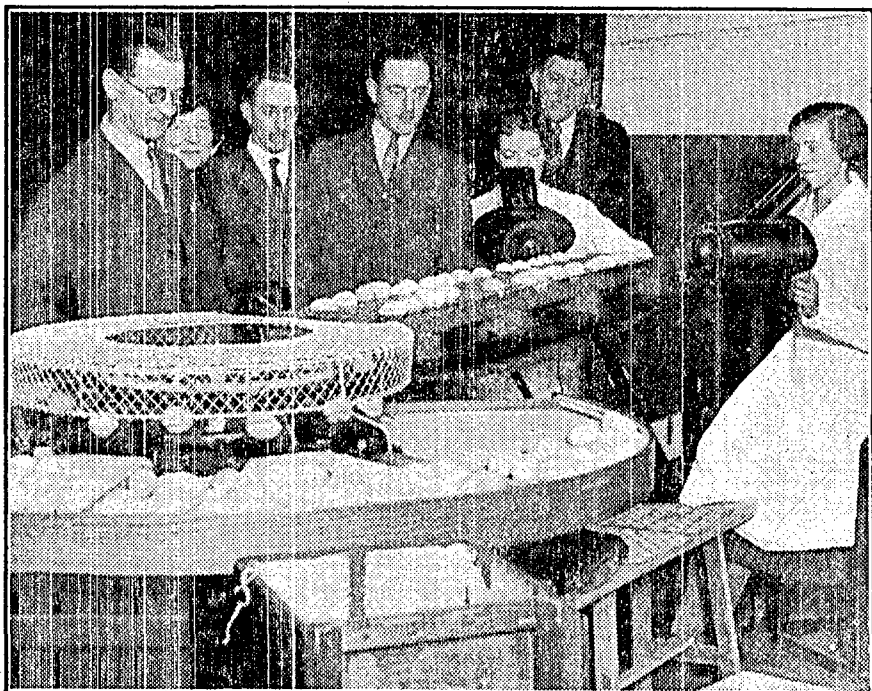
December Raspberries—Gathering an unexpected crop on a farm near Sidcup in Kent.



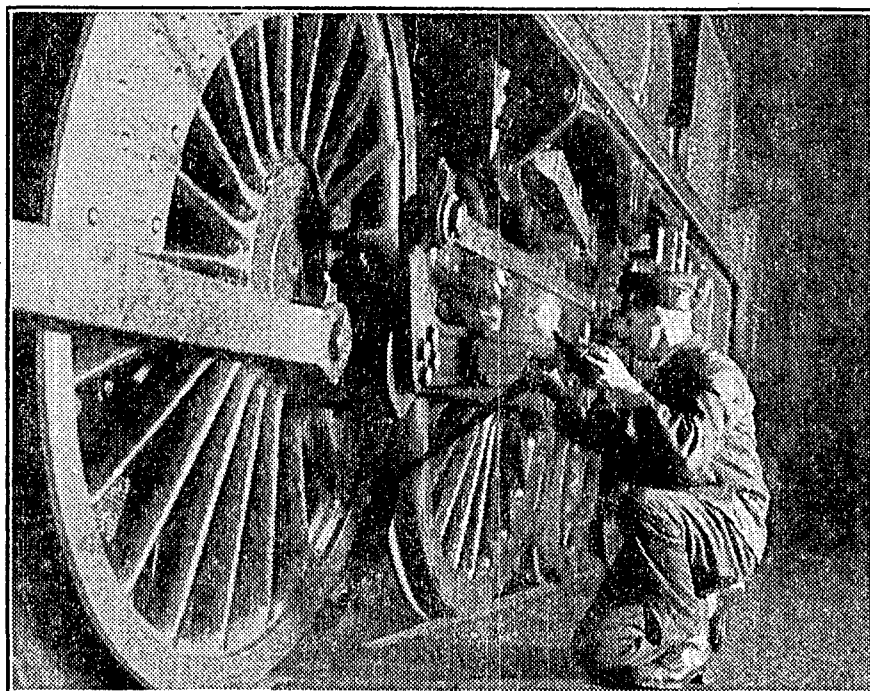
Bethlehem—The bells of the Church of the Nativity are to be broadcast right round the world on the afternoon of Christmas Day.



The Puppets—A rehearsal of the remarkable marionette show at a London theatre.



The Egg Machine—A wonderful robot which automatically grades eggs according to size.



The Man With the Oilcan—An impressive view of the driving wheels of the Royal Scot.



## THE ESCALADE Geneva Remembers Her Deliverance

### EVERY CHILD WITH A CHOCOLATE CAULDRON

Geneva has just celebrated, as she does every year, her deliverance from the Duke of Savoy on December 11, 1602.

The Duke said Geneva was an ancient possession of his House. The merchant princes asserted their independence. The Duke represented aristocratic feudalism, extortionate taxes on trade, everything that was a bar to prosperity and progress, while Geneva was enthusiastic about the strict rule set up by John Calvin, dead only 40 years.

The Escalade was an attempt by the Duke of Savoy to capture the city by surprise.

Now the Syndic, or Mayor, of Geneva was a man trusted by all, but he suffered from an incurable disease. He consulted a physician who pretended that he possessed a certain cure. The physician, however, was on the Duke's side, and he made the price of his medicine the key of the city gates.

For a long time the Syndic refused, but at last pain drove him to agree, and it was arranged that the guard that night were to stay in the guardroom instead of patrolling the walls. A few picked Savoyards were to enter the city by ladders on the ramparts, overpower the guard, and, using the key the physician would give them, throw open the gates to their comrades.

#### The Cauldron on the Fire

So on that dark night armed men stole up toward the walls with ladders. Built on to the wall at the place they chose was the house of Mère Royaume. Suddenly she heard the sound of a ladder scraping against her window. There was no one near to help her and she had no weapons, so she seized the only thing to hand, the cauldron boiling on her fire.

Staggering to the window, she flung the contents on to the ladder and the men beneath. Then she flew along the rampart wall and gave the alarm. The citizens snatched up their arms and rushed to their posts, and so the city was saved.

The key is still to be seen, hanging from the weather-vane on a tower at the lake end of the Molard, the beautiful street of the flower-sellers in Geneva. As for the cauldron, there were chocolate reproductions of it on sale everywhere on the anniversary day, and every child seems to have had one.

## REPLY BY RETURN

### A Letter Goes To Tristan

In September 1932 a letter was written in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, for Tristan da Cunha.

Awaiting a boat, it lay at Cape Town until March 1933, when the Carinthia, on a round-the-world cruise, took mails for the island. But when Tristan was reached the seas were too rough for a landing, and the Carinthia carried the letter on. Then the Atlantis took it, and delivered it in February 1934.

An answer, written in March 1934, reached South Africa at the end of October this year, having journeyed via Singapore.

The distance direct from Port Elizabeth to Tristan and back is about 3600 miles, but the two letters must have travelled nearly 32,000 miles in their two years.

#### THE YOUNG MEN BUSY

Mr James Westoby, of Scunthorpe in Lincolnshire, has just celebrated his 90th birthday by doing as he has done for 60 years past—delivering the morning papers; and at 102 Mr George Shaw, of Usworth in Northumberland, still helps his grandsons to work eight farms.

## A RIDICULOUS THING TO GO? Level-Crossings To Be Tackled

### TRANSPORT MINISTER'S PROMISE

It has been estimated that more than 40,000 years of time are wasted every year in this country by the opening and closing of the gates of level-crossings.

There are nearly 6000 of these obstructions to transport and the loss of money they cause to the business community is incalculable.

For many years there has been an agitation for the erection of bridges to replace the crossings on main roads, if only to reduce the number of fatal accidents which occur. Mr Hore-Belisha, our energetic Transport Minister, has announced that he is prepared to make grants of 75 per cent of the cost of building the necessary bridges on application by the highway authorities.

The money will come from the Road Fund, so that there should be little delay for any council with a prepared scheme. We remember that many such schemes were held up at the crisis of 1931.

Lincolnshire alone has over fifty places where the railway crosses the main road, while there are London suburbs in which gates alternatively hold up processions of road and rail vehicles, sometimes to the delay of both. It is ridiculous.

## 800,000 MORE INSURED

### A Wonderful Addition To the Family

The Unemployment Insurance Act of 1934, among other important things, lowered the age of entry into insurance against unemployment.

Before September 3 this year the entry age was 16; now it is compulsory for every child employed on leaving school at 14, or after leaving school, to become insured and to take out an Unemployment Book at the Employment Exchange.

Between September 3 and October 31 791,726 boys and girls under 16 had taken out Unemployment Books. What a wonderful thing this is! Nearly 800,000 added by law to the Insured British Family!

On October 22 about 8000 of these children had become unemployed.

## DAVID AND BENJAMIN

### A Remarkable Family Record

In our issue of December 8 we told of 11 brothers and sisters whose ages added up to 683 years, an average age of 62. They are the children of David Pomfret.

Now a reader has sent us information which makes this family record even more remarkable.

There are also nine cousins, children of David's brother Benjamin, and their ages total 584 years, an average of 65.

So in the two branches of this Blackburn family there are 20 children, and their average age is 63.

## THE BOY OF ARAN

Michael Dillane, the 15-year-old boy who has been seen by millions in the Man of Aran film, has found a fairy godfather.

Dr Patrick McCarten, once ambassador of the Irish Free State at Washington, met Michael while in America, and has offered to educate him.

Michael will probably go to a school in Galway and to Dublin University, and will be allowed to choose any career he likes.

## C.N. WRITING TEST Chief Prize-Winners

The C.N. Writing Test proved to be an enormous success, and judging the many thousands of entries has been a very difficult task.

Entries came from schools in all parts of the British Isles, and they have revealed that the writing of today is of a high standard of excellence, reflecting great credit on teachers and pupils alike. A particularly gratifying feature was the really splendid writing of the girls and boys in the age group from seven to ten.

Here are the winners of the cash prizes in each of the three age groups.

#### Group A (Age 7 to 10)

The First Pupil's Prize of £5 and the First School Prize of £25 have been awarded to:

Irene Ponti, 5 Allestree Road, Fulham, S.W.6; and Lillie Road Junior Girls School, Fulham.

Second Pupil's Prize of £3 and Second School Prize of £10:

Thelma Durden, 7 Gordon Crescent, Brierley Hill, Staffs; and Mill Street Junior School, Brierley Hill.

Third Pupil's Prize of £2 and Third School Prize of £5:

Freda Henry, Montober, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone; and Corvanagh School, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone.

#### Group B (Age 11 to 13)

The First Pupil's Prize of £5 and the First School Prize of £25 have been awarded to:

Joan Webb, 109 Hawton Lane, New Balderton, Newark, Notts; and Girls High School, Newark.

Second Pupil's Prize of £3 and Second School Prize of £10:

Charles Beauchamp, 37 Redman Buildings, Bourne Estate, Holborn, London, E.C.1; and Rosebery Avenue School, Holborn.

Third Pupil's Prize of £2 and Third School Prize of £5:

May Mitchell, 254 Broad Lane, Bramley, Leeds; and Broad Lane Council School, Bramley.

#### Group C (Age 14 to 18)

The First Pupil's Prize of £5 and the First School Prize of £25 have been awarded to:

Robert Herriot, 36 Halcombe Street, off Woodstock Road, Belfast; and Mounthottinger School, Paulett Avenue, Belfast.

Second Pupil's Prize of £3 and Second School Prize of £10:

Joan Cowie, 234 Shrofford Road, Downham, Bromley, Kent; and Sydenham Secondary School, High Street, Sydenham.

Third Pupil's Prize of £2 and Third School Prize of £5:

Olive Scopes, 401 Woodbridge Road, Ipswich, Suffolk; and Northgate School, Ipswich.

In addition to the money prizes they have won for themselves these boys and girls will have the very gratifying knowledge that they have done something for their schools; and to both pupils and schools the Editor sends his congratulations.

There are 2000 other prizes for the boys and girls whose entries came next in order of merit. These prizes consist of 1000 Waterman's Fountain Pens, worth fifteen shillings and sixpence each, and 1000 copies of Arthur Mee's Children's Shakespeare.

For reasons of space it is not possible to publish the complete list of these prize-winners, but a full list may be inspected at the C.N. office.

All prizes will be sent to winners this week.

## Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 13s a year you may send the C.N. each week to any child on Earth

## THE W.T.B. Westminster's Old Tobacco Box

### A LOWLY TREASURE FROM OLD TIME

The famous Westminster Tobacco Box has been handed over to its new guardians.

It is almost new fangled compared with the treasures in the Tower and the British Museum and the Record Office, and it only cost 4d when it was new. Yet it has played a part in London's life for over two centuries, and is very precious to the Past Overseers Society of St Margaret and St John, Westminster.

The overseers used to meet to discuss parish affairs in a tavern, and as they talked they smoked long clay pipes. One day in 1713 Mr Henry Monck brought to the meeting a box filled with tobacco for the use of the overseers. He had bought the box at Horn Fair for 4d.

#### A Toast To Nelson

It weighed a few ounces then, but it weighs 114 lbs now, because when the custodians pass out of office they add to the box a silver plate giving the principal news of the past year.

This year the inscription runs:

*Waterloo Bridge, Rennie's masterpiece, demolished. H.R.H. Prince George betrothed. Dukedom of Kent revived. England-Australia Air Race won by C. W. A. Scott, O.W. (Old Westminster School Boy) and T. Campbell Black. Mil-denhall to Melbourne in two days 23 hours.*

For the 221st time the society met, smoked tobacco in long clay pipes, and talked of London affairs past and present. They honoured a toast which they have honoured for a century, "The Immortal Memory of Nelson," and the box was handed over with ceremony to the incoming custodians.

However, the society did not meet in a tavern, as Henry Monck's friends did; they dined at the Savoy Hotel instead.

The Westminster Tobacco Box has only played a humble part in the history of London, but it is treasured because it is a link with men who have loved Westminster.

## THE LOST BIRD Great Auks at £500

The two specimens of the Great Auk lately sold for more than £500 each are to remain in this country, together with one of the eggs, which realised £315.

These high prices are due to the fact that not only is the Great Auk now extinct, but the specimens held privately and in museums number probably no more than a dozen.

The Great Auk was once as numerous on these shores as our friends the razor-bill and guillemot, his close relations. He was hunted out of existence by seamen who coveted him for food, and by ruthless collectors of eggs. His modern brethren are now in the selfsame danger from the egg collector.

Iceland, Greenland, Newfoundland, and our own coasts were the haunts of this giant razor-bill, and his eggs lay, season by season, on the unprotected ledges of our rocky cliffs. The eggs were amazingly varied in colour and marking.

Unfortunately the Great Auk lost the power of sustained flight. Breeding on the shelving ledges, the bird did little flying till the season was over; and the gradual shrinkage of wing made its capture easy, and finally it vanished from the world.

#### A TREE FOR A POLE

A tree has been planted in New York in memory of Madame Curie, the Polish discoverer of radium; and it is intended to plant trees in other cities in her memory.



## THE TWINS CASTOR AND POLLUX The Transformation of an Ancient Constellation MARVELS OF GEMINI

By the C.N. Astronomer

The splendid constellation of Gemini, the Twins, is now high in the south-east sky of an evening while later on it is due south and not far from overhead about midnight. It will be readily recognised by its two stars of almost equal brilliance, Castor and Pollux.

While this, the third constellation of the Zodiac, is of great antiquity compared with that of Aries and Taurus, it appears to have been known as Gemini, the Twins, only from Greek and Roman times. In Chaldea upwards of 8000 years ago the constellation was known as the Kids (of the Goat).

Castor and Pollux were held in great veneration by the Romans, being famed for military prowess, though represented



The chief stars of Gemini, showing the present positions of Ceres and Pluto

as children, one being shown holding a bow and arrow while the other held a club, arms which they are still shown in pictures as possessing.

Gemini is of particular interest just now because Ceres, the largest of the little worlds known as planetoids or asteroids, is near its borders and well placed for observation with field-glasses, her present position being indicated by an X, and her path shown by an arrow.

Pluto, the outermost planet of the Solar System, is also within Gemini's borders, as indicated on the star-map, but is invisible without the aid of most powerful telescopes. He is now about 3,600,000,000 miles away and coming nearer to us.

Pollux is the brightest and nearest, a solitary sun larger than ours but 2,025,000 times farther away, radiating 28 times more light and heat, and taking 32 years to reach us. Pollux gets nearer to us by about 240 miles every minute and so will appear still brighter in centuries to come.

Castor, about 42 light-years distant and so some 2,658,000 times farther than our Sun, is a marvellous solar system composed of six suns. A telescope will reveal what appear to be two stars of almost equal brilliance, A and B, with a small 9.5 magnitude star C, at a distance of 72½ seconds of arc.

### More Brilliant Than Our Sun

The spectroscope shows that each of these stars is composed of two suns. Two of them have been found to be larger and four of them more brilliant than our Sun, the other two of C being old and dying suns about half the diameter of ours.

Now while each pair of brilliant suns A and B are 7,440,000,000 miles apart, the suns of the pair A average 2,500,000 miles apart and the other pair B only 1,600,000 miles, that is from the centre of one sun to the centre of the other, so their surfaces must be very close together.

While the pair A revolve in about 94 days and the pair B take only 3 days, each pair take about 306 years to travel round a central point between them, while the pair C probably need about a thousand years to travel round the others.

G. F. M.

### THE RICH CITY

The rateable value of the Temple is over forty thousand pounds, and that of the whole of the City of London is nearly nine million pounds.

## THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS The Passing of Bolivar DECEMBER 17

Simon Bolivar, the Liberator of South America from the Spanish yoke, was born in 1783 and died on December 17, 1830. This tribute to his memory is by Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall).

**B**UILD up a column to Bolivar!  
Build it under a Tropic star!  
Build it high as his mounting fame!  
Crown its head with his noble name!  
Let the letters tell, like a light afar,  
*This is the column of Bolivar!*

Soldier in war, in peace a man,  
Did he not all that a hero can?  
Wasting his life for his country's care,  
Laying it down with a patriot prayer,  
Shedding his blood like the summer rain,  
Loving the land, though he loved in vain!

Man is a creature, good or ill,  
Little or great, at his own strong will;  
And he grew good, and wise, and great,  
Albeit he fought with a tyrant fate,  
And showered his golden gifts on men  
Who paid him in basest wrongs again!

Raise the column to Bolivar!  
Firm in peace and fierce in war!  
Shout forth his noble name!  
Shout till his enemies die in shame!  
Shout till Columbia's woods awaken,  
Like seas by a mighty tempest shaken,  
Till pity and praise and great disdain  
Sound like an Indian hurricane!  
Shout, as ye shout in conquering war,  
While ye build the column to Bolivar!

## TOWN AND COUNTRY BOYS

### A Measuring Tape in Scotland

The Medical Officer for the county of Angus has been bustling round the schools with a measuring tape.

He has not been measuring furniture, but boys and girls, and has also carefully weighed them.

Now he has issued a report which will surprise many people, for it shows that his country children are neither bigger nor heavier than his town children.

More than 5200 boys and girls were measured and weighed. He found that town and country boys are much the same size and weight at five, but at 14 the town boys lead with an average of nearly two inches. At 16 and 17 the country boys catch them up again, the average of boys of both town and rural districts being a little over 68 inches.

Almost the same results were given by town and country girls.

## HELPING FOUR THINGS AT ONCE

Once again the problem of choosing Christmas presents has to be faced. What does every civilised person use? Soap! There are smokers and non-smokers among our friends, but no non-soapers. Soap can be given to everyone, from Grannie to Baby.

Gay boxes containing three tablets of the best soap, each bearing a delightful coloured bird, can be had for 7d by post. The pictures go right through the soap and last to the end. The soap is made by men of the war, and sold by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, 82 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

So there are the four things to help. You save yourself trouble. You give your friend an attractive and useful gift. You help the men who fought for you. You help the R.S.P.B. Who would not like to help in this way?

## BAD-TEMPERED MABEL AN AGGRESSIVE APE Keeper's Exciting Adventure at Eaton Hall DAISY ON HOLIDAY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Monkey House at the Zoo has a new inmate with a bad but interesting record. She is a gibbon ape, presented by the Duke of Westminster.

Mabel, as she has been nicknamed, was one of a pair of gibbon apes kept at large on a small island in a lake in the grounds of Eaton Hall. Life on this island suited the male ape so well that he grew tame and docile, but his companion developed a dangerously bad temper.

### An Irate Ape

Finally she became so aggressive that the attendant could no longer land on the island even to feed his charges, and was compelled to row across the lake until he was near enough to throw food to the animals.

This state of affairs was quite satisfactory as long as the irate ape was confined to the island by the surrounding water; but it was realised that if the lake froze Mabel would then be able to walk over to freedom by means of a layer of ice. So at the end of November a message was sent to the Zoo asking that a keeper should travel to Eaton Hall to capture the bad-tempered creature.

Accordingly a keeper arrived on the scene and, equipped with nets and a portable cage, he was rowed over to the island. When he arrived there, however, both apes came down to the water's edge to meet him, and, before he had time to realise what was happening, the male animal had jumped on his back while the female attacked him.

### A Strenuous Struggle

A long and strenuous struggle then took place. The keeper was handicapped by the presence of the amiable gibbon on his back, and by the time he had managed to capture Mabel he was covered with bites and scratches.

Had Mabel's teeth been as strong as her intentions the keeper would have been in a sorry state, and had Mabel's companion decided to join in the fight and assist her the man might easily have lost his life.

When one of a pair or of a colony of simians has to be captured the keeper generally has much more to fear from the animal's mate or relatives than from the animal itself. Fortunately, however, for this keeper Mabel's companion took no part in the battle.

Mabel is now demonstrating against her visitors and keepers. She is one of the finest gibbons ever seen at the Zoo, for owing to her life on the island she is in perfect physical condition and her coat is unusually thick.

### Daisy and George

Daisy, the Zoo's bactrian camel, has gone to Whipsnade for a holiday, and has thus been reunited with her old companion, George.

Some eighteen months ago Daisy had to say goodbye to her mate, for he was considered to be too old to work, and it was thought that he would be happier as a pensioner if he lived in the country at Whipsnade.

So he went off to the Zoological Park and Daisy remained in Regent's Park to work for her living by giving rides to young visitors.

Although Daisy works hard during the summer she gets no exercise during the winter months, when no one wants a camel ride, and consequently she is inclined to become too fat. This winter, therefore, the authorities decided to let her go to Whipsnade so that she could see George again and take exercise in his spacious paddock.



for  
**Children**  
only the Best is  
good enough

**C**HILDREN need so much nourishment to re-create the energy they spend so prodigally all day long and to build up healthy bodies and nerves. They need more nourishment than ordinary food provides.

That extra nourishment is supplied most abundantly and in the best possible form by delicious 'Ovaltine.' This perfect food beverage contains, in the correct proportions, every nutritive element essential for building up strong, vigorous bodies, sound nerves, and alert minds.

Scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs, 'Ovaltine' definitely stands in a class by itself for quality and health-giving value. Although imitations are made to look like 'Ovaltine,' there are extremely important differences.

Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain any Household Sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa. Reject substitutes.

For their Health's sake  
give them

**OVALTINE**

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland,  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.





**"s' blackcurran' jam!"**

Yes — and he'd almost bet it must be mother's own home-made blackcurrant jam, too, to have caught the real, blissful blackcurrant flavour so perfectly! That is what Rowntrees mean when they say 'Blackcurrant': whether it's in Clear Gums, or Juicy-Fruits or Fruit Pastilles: the delicious blackcurrant flavour and the full blackcurrant virtue for soothing throats.

**You can taste the  
fruit in  
ROWNTREE'S**

**CLEAR  
GUMS**  
(Hard)

**JUICY-  
FRUITS**  
(Soft)

**FRUIT  
PASTILLES**  
(Medium)

SOLD LOOSE AT 6d. A QUARTER, AND IN PACKETS TO SUIT ALL POCKETS.

© SPECIAL ASSORTED PACKET. Rowntree's 3d. sampler packet introduces you to a wide range of real fresh-fruit flavours in Clear Gums, Juicy-Fruits and Fruit Pastilles. Buy one to-day at your confectioners. What better idea could be thought of for the interval at the pantomime? Or as a little Christmas gift for a friend?

**3d**

## THE RED LIGHT • A Mystery Story By John Mowbray

### CHAPTER 42

#### False Alarms

ON the road there were no signs of any one or anything but a farm wagon, which came lumbering along with a whistling lad sitting sideways on the near shaft. But suspicion vested every object that stirred now, from car and cart to the quivering of leaves in the hedges. Therefore Harbour stood and stared intently at the wagon as it approached, then turned and watched it till it passed out of sight.

So there was nothing to be apprehended from that farm wagon.

With a quickening breath but resolute gait he went on till the gates were hidden by the turning of the road. Here instinctively he began to feel at his jacket and his fingers closed on the outlines of that stout ruler. At any rate it was company, he reflected, and might do its bit in holding off an assailant.

Hush! What was that sound? Were those footsteps mixed with his, keeping pace with him on the other side of the hedge?

Harbour steadied himself. There was no one behind the hedge, and no one on the road in either direction. But now a woman in a ragged black shawl became visible, and as she came she was trailing a sack on the ground. An old gipsy woman trailing a half-empty sack: there was nothing in that to make a chap draw a quick breath, and start, and step to one side and stand stock still with taut nerves and muscles. Yet all this Harbour did, and the woman came on, with her head bent upon the ground and mumbling her lips. But when she had got abreast of him she stopped suddenly, and hobbling across the road she lifted a swarthy, scarred face, and in a hoarse, hissing breath demanded assistance.

"Do you mean you want money?" said Harbour, his eyes on the sack. For while a person's hands were engaged with his money a sack might easily be tossed over his head.

"Aye, money," scowled the old gipsy.

He gave her sixpence.

"Let me see your hand," she said next.

But he shook his head, being loth to surrender one hand.

"Let me read your palm," she whined, extending her own again.

Still prudence restrained him. Then she stepped closer and closer and, letting her sack drop, she put her face close to his with her peering eyes searching his forehead.

"Pretty master," she droned, "shall I tell you your fortune?"

He shrank back and back; but she followed with mumblings and mutterings until she had him pressed against the hedge.

Perhaps her will was stronger than his? Or perhaps he was mastered by some power she had learned in the tents of her kind.

"Well?" he uttered.

But the old woman shook her head.

"Nay," she answered him faintly. "There is danger written upon your brow, laddie. Dark danger."

And she hobbled off, clutching his money and trailing the sack.

"All nonsense!" he muttered. But at least there was nothing to be apprehended from the old gipsy.

He was almost within a stone's throw now of the mouth of the lane. There were two men standing there, with their hands in their pockets, strangers by their appearance, and as he approached he saw them speaking together. Then one began to come toward him, and went past without a look; while the other remained where he was in a negligent attitude.

Harbour did not slacken his pace, but almost immediately his stretched ears warned him that the man who had passed him had turned again and was following him.

Harbour walked on slowly, then stopped all at once. He heard the footsteps behind him stop dead as well.

"Now for it!" he thought.

He debated. Should he continue straight on as though he had noticed nothing, or should he swing round and tax his pursuer?

Then he saw the root of a felled tree jutting out from the hedge.

So he stepped aside to the tree and, putting up his foot, he pretended to be busy tightening his shoelace and, stooping like that, he shot his glance right and left. The man who had stopped, a short stocky fellow, had moved on again; his companion, who wore a tweed cap of extravagant cut, was advancing to meet him.

Harbour's breath began to come faster. He straightened himself. "At last!" he muttered, and wondered which of the two was the Unknown whose challenge he had come to accept?

From his right hand and left the two strangers were closing upon him.

Then the one in the cap removed his hands from his pockets and called to his companion.

"Ready?" he called.

"Quite ready!" the other called back, in a harsh, piercing voice.

They met in front of Harbour. He stood straight and stiff. The man in the tweed cap stepped up to him, looking him over.

"My friend and I," the man said, "have a car round the corner."

"Yes," said Harbour, returning his look.

"There's a slate quarry hereabouts. isn't there?"

"A slate quarry—yes," Harbour answered.

"Is it before one comes to the woods?"

"Are you sure," said Harbour slowly, "that you don't know?"

"Are we sure we don't know!" the other returned, with a frown. "Do we keep straight on down that lane yonder?"

The suspense tortured Harbour.

"Have you any particular reason for asking me?" he retorted.

Then the other one stamped an impatient foot on the road.

"Oh, come on!" he snapped. "What's the good of wasting our time, Fred! This lad is as disobliging as you could make 'em." But, noticing Harbour's quick flush, his companion spoke pleasantly. "The fact is that we are neither of us too sure of our way, so we halted in the lane for a look at the map, but we've dropped it overboard somewhere. So we stopped the car while my friend went back to search for it."

"Aye, and now I've picked it up," cried the stocky man testily, "and we're on the right road, so we needn't keep this lad longer. Come along, then! We carry on to the end of the lane!"

He slipped his arm in his friend's and drew him away.

So there was nothing to be apprehended from the two motorists.

He went down the lane. There came to his ears as he went the tapping, tapping of the old stonebreaker's hammer.

### CHAPTER 43

#### In the Lane

THE last time Harbour had seen Senex the stonebreaker had been at work higher up the lane, well beyond the ratecatcher's shanty. Today he was stationed much nearer the mouth of the lane, and although he had let the car go past without so much as raising his head no sooner did fresh footfalls sound in the lane than the old man paused for a moment, his hammer uplifted, his eyes in their thick blue glasses turned toward the sound. Then he nodded, and, scooping a few more flints from his heap, he began again his slow, tireless chipping and tapping.

As Harbour came up the old stonebreaker's head lifted suddenly. "So it's you, young master," he uttered.

"You remember me?" smiled Harbour, pausing in front of him.

"For sure," said Senex, as he stretched out an arm for his pipe which was lying as usual, on the stones at his side. "You're the same young gentleman I had a long chat with one day, the young gent who wanted to know such a deal about Bodlands." He searched for a match in his unbuttoned waistcoat, and struck it, then, having got the scrap of tobacco burning at the bottom of his pipe, puffed out a mouthful of smoke, and as this floated away in front of his face Harbour saw his eyes gleaming strangely behind the blue glasses.

"It's queer you young gents from the school never come this way nowadays."

"Do you think it is?" Harbour responded. He would like to know how much the old stonebreaker guessed, or how much he had learned of events at the school.

"Senex, why do you think that queer?" he asked guardedly.

Old Senex leaned back on his heels. "Year in and year out," he said, "I sits here with my flints and I hears things and sees things—"

"What have you seen?" broke in Harbour. "What have you heard, Senex?"

"Nay, we've had all that before. I've told you of those days w' all the rare goings on in the time of the Clavdius—"

"Yes, but recently?" Harbour broke in again. "Recently, Senex?"

"Now, you're asking," Senex answered in a dry tone.

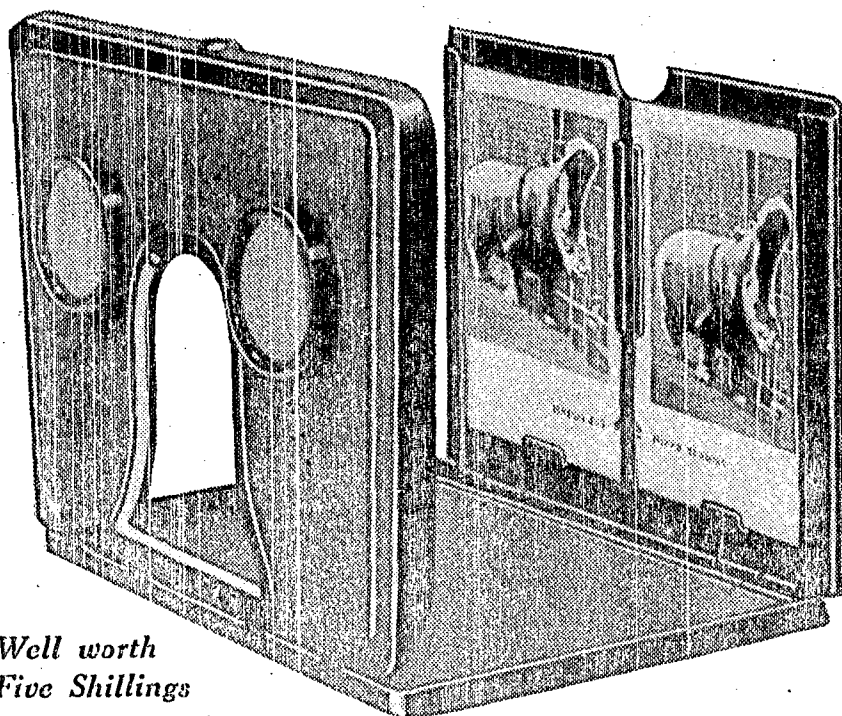
"Of course I am," said Harbour, lowering his voice.

The old man removed his pipe without looking at Harbour. He laid it very carefully on the ground. Then, tossing aside

Continued on page 18



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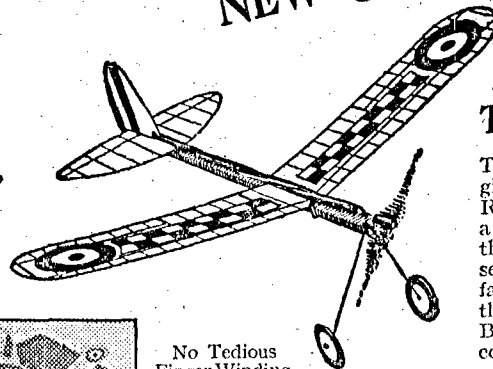
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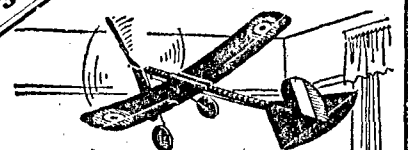
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Give your dog freedom, comradeship, and care for him well. Watch over your cat, so that he does not get lost; give him warmth and good food.

If you have rabbits, give them a nice hutch, space

to move about, plenty of water, and fresh green food.

Your bird needs a large cage for his house and a chance of stretching his wings in flight within the safety of a closed room; fresh water and seed.

A horse wants friendly care, a warm blanket in cold weather, enough to eat and a clean bed.

Wherever you see an animal ill-treated or lost, it is for you to prove his friend and protector.

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to help them—and the thousands of others of all ages throughout the land who live in darkness. Make an effort this Christmas to bring light into their lives. Donations, subscriptions and legacies enable us to carry on our work for the blind.

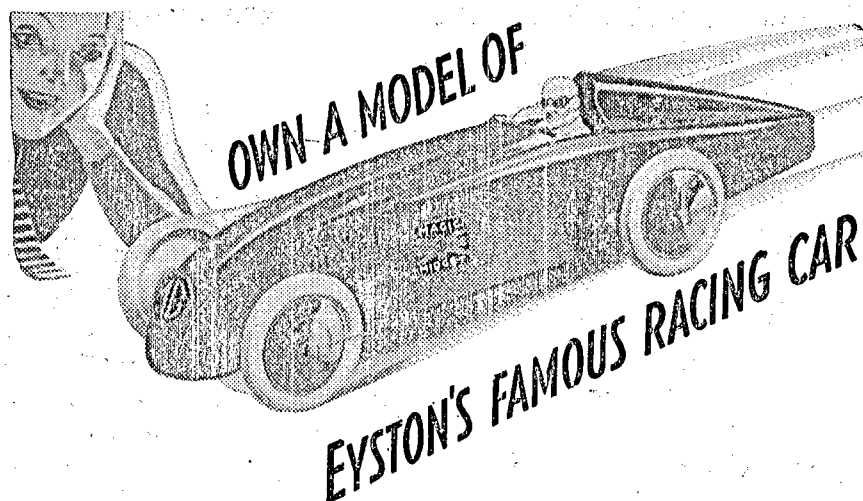
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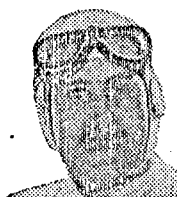




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# HōVIS

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Macclesfield

Continued from page 18.

the hammer he had been using, he took up his small one, cupped a stone in his hand, and started to pick and peck at it, smoothing and shaping, while his lips began to mumble inaudibly, rapidly. He seemed no longer conscious of Harbour's presence.

"Senex!" Harbour exclaimed.

But the mumbling went on, and the man's lank body stooped lower over his task.

Then Harbour's heart came to his mouth. With the sound of the hammer and muttering he was fancying that another faint sound had mingled—somewhere behind him. He turned. There was no one behind him. Imagination, he thought.

Ssh! What was that? It was sharper this time, like a twig snapping—yes, a twig had snapped, somewhere behind him. As he sprang round in a flash he perceived the hedge quivering; there was someone beginning to break through the hedge. The stout, tall hawthorn was parting.

Then it stopped suddenly. Bushwood and leaves ceased to shiver. The Unseen behind the tall hedge was biding his time.

"He's waiting for me," thought Harbour.

Well, it was no good staying here with old Senex unless he intended to wriggle out of the challenge. Harbour muttered Good-day to the stonebreaker, and, taking a tremendous pull on himself, while unaware how all the colour had drained from his face, he went slowly along the lane.

The lane had never seemed so narrow and long. Ahead he began to discern the rat-catcher's shanty with its scraggy bit of garden and desolate air. Behind him the sound of Senex's hammer grew fainter and fainter with every step forward; his last link with safety. Beside him on the other side of the hedge those other footsteps were keeping him their dread company.

He stopped and turned, he had lost sight of old Senex now. The sun had gone in. It felt colder; but no wind was moving. He clenched his teeth unwittingly when the hedge parted and a figure came gliding through as a snake might have glided. It made no more noise than a snake would have made as it came.

It was Gastalin.

And Harbour's heart leaped to his mouth. Gastalin put his hand to his lips, then, sidling toward Harbour, he whispered, "Well, Harbour? And where do you think you are going?"

It sounded so commonplace, such an ordinary remark, but the look which accompanied the words was so stealthy and searching that Harbour needed all his restraint not to fly at him and, despite their difference in size, to try to force the horrible truth from him there and then. But passion would do no good. His work would be wasted if it ended in no more than a struggle with Gastalin before he had probed to the very heart of the secret.

He mastered his thoughts and his voice. He said very steadily, "What am I doing here? I have come for a stroll, Gastalin."

"Ah!" breathed Gastalin. "Have you? How nice, Harbour. How very nice!" He rubbed his hands softly together. "I wonder if you'd venture a stroll with me, Harbour?"

"A stroll with you! Why shouldn't I?" Harbour said meaningfully.

Gastalin slanted his head to one side. He was listening. Behind the shield of their lashes his eyes scanned the lane, then darted back to the hedge through which he had crept.

"You were talking to Senex," he whispered.

"You saw me," said Harbour.

"Yes, I saw you. I knew you saw me. What did you say to Senex?"

"Is that your business?" Harbour returned.

"It might be," said Gastalin.

There was silence between them. Then Gastalin stepped to one side, and, crooking his finger, beckoned Harbour to follow. The hedge dropped lower here, revealing the water-meadows and the track, like a ribbon, that crossed them into the wood. Gastalin pointed. "I asked you," he said, "dare you come with me?" And though there was not a soul within earshot he spoke in the whisper he had used all the time.

Harbour tried to look him straight in the face, but Gastalin's head was not keeping still for a minute; nor his eyes; nor his hands, which kept twitching and opening and closing. But Harbour kept himself out of reach of those hands. "Gastalin," he said, "I am ready to go with you if you think I am enough of a *Mister Clever*." And his tone was the tone of one who has given a password.

"Come on, then," said Gastalin curtly.

Side by side they passed down the lane.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO PREDICTS SNOW

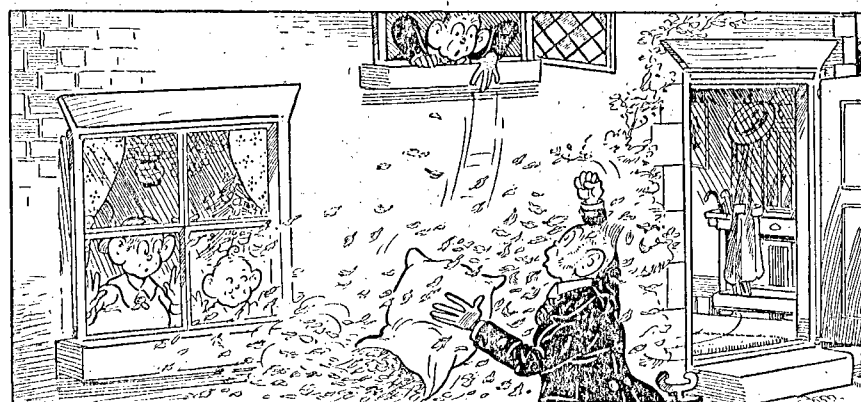
CHRISTMAS dinner was always a jolly affair with the Jacko Family, particularly this year, as Uncle George was staying with them.

"Here, Baby!" he said, holding up the turkey's wishbone. "Hang on to this and wish for anything you want."

"Want some snow," piped Baby promptly. "To throw at Uncle."

He did. Even the presents and the Christmas tree didn't stop his constant trips to the window.

At last teatime came, and they were just admiring the lovely cake when Baby gave an excited cry. "Look!" he shrieked. "Mother Goose's feathers!" Sure enough, large white flakes were falling outside the window.



It came with a whack on Father's head

Everyone laughed, for the weather was mild as springtime.

"Mother Goose won't shake any feathers today, Baby," chuckled Uncle. "Have another shot."

Baby wouldn't. He looked like crying instead.

"Don't you believe it, youngster," winked Jacko. "I'm the best weather prophet in this house." Then he ran to the window and pretended to study the sky. "Coo!" he exclaimed. "I guess we shall have some snow."

Baby was delighted, but his Mother was not. "You shouldn't have said that, Jacko," she scolded. "Now Baby will expect it all day long."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mother. "Jacko was right after all. Why, where has the bright boy got to?" she added.

Mr Jacko soon had suspicions that the "bright boy" was up to one of his pranks. Flinging open the front door he stood outside and bellowed: "Jacko, stop snowing at once and come down."

Jacko was so startled that he dropped the pillow he was gently shaking from an upstairs window. *Plop!* Down it came with a whack on Father Jacko's head, smothering him in a cloud of feathers.

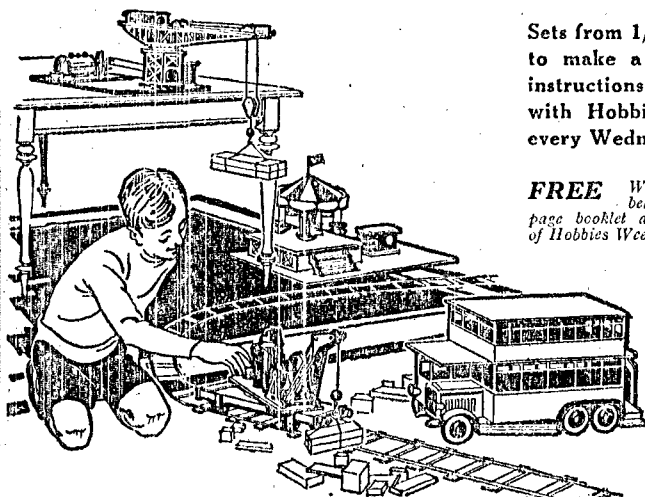
Choking and spluttering, Father shook an angry fist at the culprit. But Mother pleaded that it was Christmas time, and once again Jacko escaped scot free.



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£ Bethnal Green, in the East End of London, is a very poor place, and the Hospital is very poor, too; so **WILL YOU PLEASE** help me and all the other sick boys and girls here to get well.

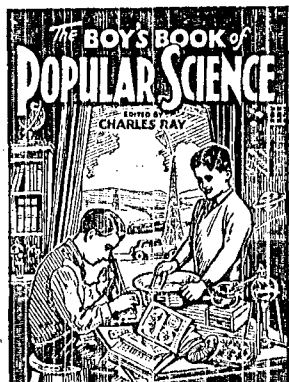
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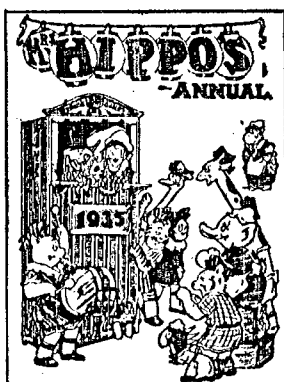
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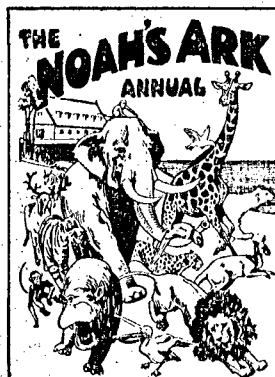


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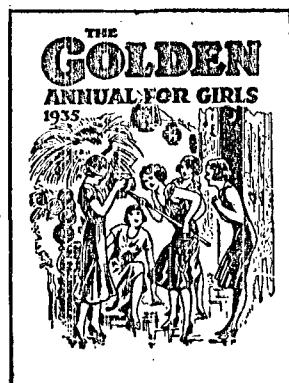
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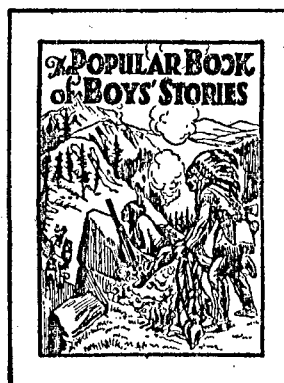
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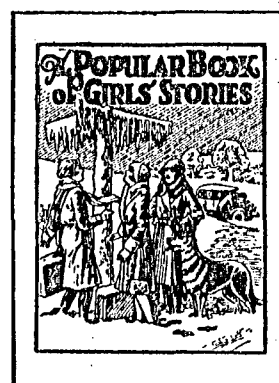
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## THE BRAN TUB

### How Many Turkeys?

A SHOPKEEPER bought a number of turkeys for which he paid £12 10s. He sold them at a price which gave him a profit of half a crown on each bird. When he had only five left he found that he had received back exactly his original outlay, so he gave away the last five to friends and customers as Christmas presents.

How many turkeys did he buy?

Answer next week

### A Big Order

THE fishmonger's new assistant was slow.

"Haven't you finished scaling that fish yet?" called the fishmonger.

"Not yet, sir," was the reply. "It's a very big one."

"Well, you've had time enough to scale a mountain!"

### What is It?

MY first is in bundle and also in bound,

My second's in doggy and also in hound,

My third is in sixty and also in six,

My fourth is in tie-up and also in fix,

My fifth is in beating and also in bang,

My sixth is in singing and also in clang,

My seventh's in dawning and also in day,

My eighth is in roadstead and also in bay,

My ninth is in noisy and also in yell,

My whole is a day the children love well.

Answer next week

### Easier Darning

WHEN darning a hole in dark material, especially silk, it is sometimes difficult to see the work clearly. A good plan is to place the hole over the large lens which certain electric pocket-lamps have. This will not only illuminate the material but will provide a good surface on which to work.

### Ici On Parle Français



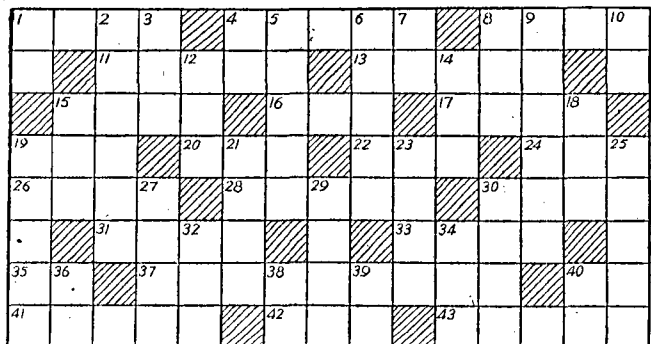
Le rat de cave Le téléphone Le télescope  
Taper Telephone Telescope

Le rat de cave éclaire l'escalier.  
On appelle Monsieur au téléphone.  
Le télescope rapproche les objets.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

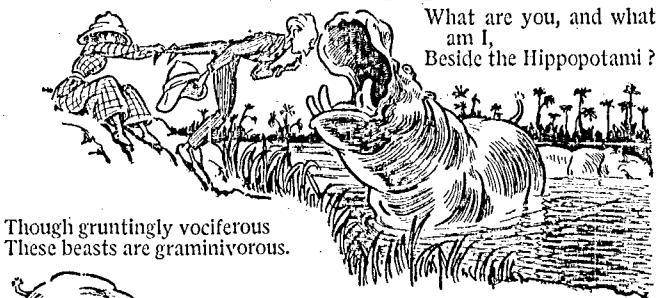
Asterisks after certain clues denote abbreviations. Answer next week.

**Reading Across.** 1. Face of a clock. 4. To throw out. 8. To await. 11. To estimate. 13. A desert haven. 15. For sleepers. 16. A snare. 17. The first man. 19. Father's boy. 20. A sheep. 22. A rodent. 24. Wrath. 26. Ornamental staff. 28. A holy table. 30. Comfort. 31. A measure. 33. One of any number. 35. Company.\* 37. Scottish and Irish name for an Englishman. 40. Royal Institution.\* 41. Joins closely. 42. Source from which metals are obtained. 43. To pull or drag.

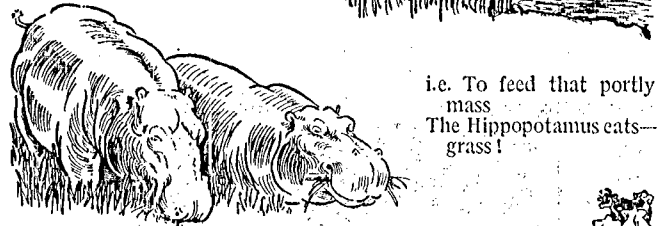


**Reading Down.** 1. Accomplish. 2. Instrument. 3. Boy. 4. For example.\* 5. Precious stone. 6. A snake. 7. Territorial Army.\* 8. An offer. 9. A great prophet. 10. French for and. 12. Employ. 14. Rested. 15. A genus of snake. 18. Mistress.\* 19. A fishing vessel. 21. Pads. 23. A space. 25. Weird. 27. Where the Sun rises. 29. A row. 30. Reflected sound. 32. Royal Astronomical Society.\* 34. To perform. 36. Above and touching. 38. In this manner. 39. Compass point.\* 40. Royal Society.

## The Dainty Hippopotamus

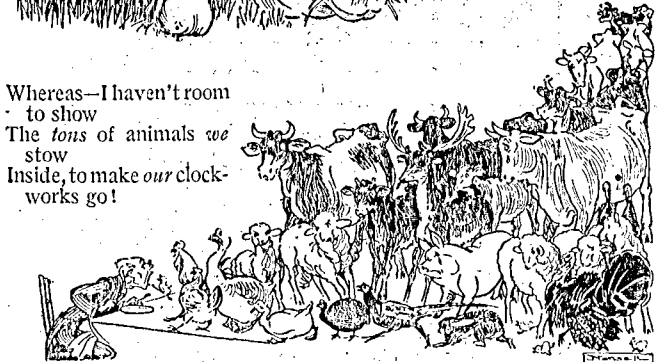


Though gruntingly vociferous  
These beasts are graminivorous.



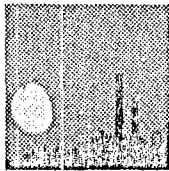
i.e. To feed that portly  
mass  
The Hippopotamus eats—  
grass!

Whereas—I haven't room  
to show  
The tons of animals we  
stow  
Inside, to make our clock-  
works go!



### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Saturn and Venus are in the South-West. Uranus is in the South. In the morning Jupiter is in the South-East and Mars is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen, looking South at 10 p.m. on Monday, December 24.



### Realistic

THE country paper was reporting the visit of a great tragedian to the local theatre.

"What we liked best," the report said, "was his dying scene. He acts the dead man to the very life."

**Ask This at Your Christmas Party**  
WHAT key is this that never locks

A door, or jewel-case, or box?  
It is the one that I like most—  
The Christmas tur-key, stuffed  
and roast!

### So Sorry to Trouble You

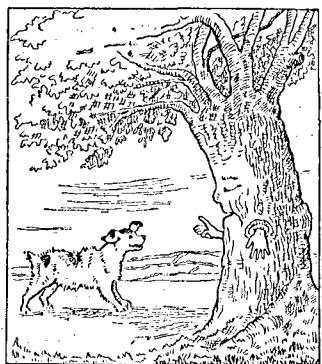
THEY were talking of past experiences when Smith sauntered in. He listened for a minute or two and then he spoke.

"I, too, have had my ups and downs," he remarked.

"Yes?" queried one or two of the company, with interest.

"Yes," replied Smith, as he turned to walk away, "I occupied the first seat in a row at the cinema last night."

### Two Barks



SAID Mr Elm to Rover, "With you I don't agree.

Your bark is really useless, or so it seems to me.

Now, my bark, if you notice, protects me all around."

"I see," said Master Rover, "and your argument is sound;

But, still, I am a house-dog; my bark protects my master,

While your bark (please forgive me) but saves you from disaster."

### Three Animals

ASK a friend to write on a piece of paper the words HAND, TIRE, PEG, BELT, GEAR. Now see if he can fill in the blanks in the following sentences with the right animals. The number of letters in each name is shown by the number of dashes. The letters are taken from the words given, and each letter is used once.

The - - - - - bounded through the jungle.

The - - - - - lives in Africa and India.

The - - - - - is a carnivorous animal.

Answer next week

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Speed of a Plane. 90 miles an hour

Two Words in One. Cap-able

Enigma. Anger

## Hale and Hearty

IT was disgracefully late when the arrangements were at last completed and the Party Committee helped each other on with greatcoats, mufflers, and shawls.

Perhaps the cause of the lateness had been the care with which all the details of the important business had been discussed—the crockery, the tea, the buns, the decorations on the cake, the paper hats, the games, the prizes, and everything else that makes a Christmas party successful. But other reasons for the lateness may have been the genial warmth of the village hall, the coffee supplied by Mrs Crumdale, the jolly company, and the frosty glow of the fire telling of severe wintry cold outside.

It was ten o'clock; in the village across the green from the hall respectable folk were all in bed.

When everyone was wrapped and muffled old Mr Riggley opened the door, to be greeted by a flurry of powdery snow. He popped his nose outside, and, "It's a thick cover!" he announced.

When the old folks filed into the darkness he turned out the oil-lamps and followed his friends, pausing just to lock the door of the hall. As he turned from this task a snowball struck the side of his collar—not a very workmanlike snowball, but a fluffy, explosive, ladylike one. Mrs Crumdale was the guilty person. The old lady gave a whoop of delight and went skipping over the snow-covered village green.

That started it. Soon nobody knew quite what was happening. Sometimes all the Committee were snowballing; sometimes they were arm in arm in a line, singing Good King Wenceslas; once Mr Riggley found himself rolling over and over with old Gaffer Beaver; once the ladies had a little slide—one yard long but real ice.

And all this from the elders of the village, the respected Committee!

Next morning the village children were having a fine time in the snow, when Mr Riggley and Mr Beaver rushed out of their shops and sternly shooed them to the other side of the green.

"You forget yourselves!" roared Mr Riggley.

"So did he last night," grinned little Willie Miller. "From my bedroom window I saw old Beaver too, chasing Mrs Crumdale in the snow at half-past ten."

"Don't talk silly," said Willie's pal. "Old people hate snow. Besides they were fixing our Christmas treat."

"They were having theirs," answered Willie.



**quickly and safely  
ends the discomfort  
and danger of a  
cold in the head**

**First thing every morning  
put a drop of 'Vapex' on your  
handkerchief and breathe  
the germicidal vapour.**

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

VIII

THOS. KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

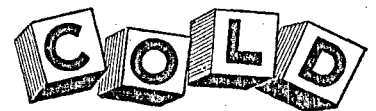
## 16,500 "TREATS"

will be given at Christmas to poor East End Children. Remember the Little Ones. 2/- pays for one "Treat"—£10 for 100. How many may we entertain as your guests? R.S.V.P. to The Rev. Percy Ineson, Supt.

**EAST END MISSION,**  
Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

Here's something new for you—  
Wilkin's  
**REDBOY NUT ROLLS**  
ASSORTED (6 varieties)

## If Santa Claus Caught



WHAT an awful thought! Would he stay at home and not bring any Christmas presents? And who would look after Father Christmas? What would they do for him?

You had better do something about it, and you can do it easily for 1d. Just write your name and address on a card and post it (1d. stamp) to Vick (Xmas), 31, Banner Street, E.C.1, and you will receive a tiny package of Vick brand Vapour-Rub. If Santa Claus gets a cold he will know that you have this handy for him—and he will not miss your stocking, anyway!

He sees "Vick" by so many bedside that he knows all about it and its pleasant way of stopping colds when it is rubbed on the throat and chest. He could tell you how good are the vapours that are released from it by the warmth of the body, so that you breathe them in, and how nice it feels as "Vick" works through the skin, to help the vapours to take away all discomfort.

If you have a cold while a free package is coming, your Mother can get some at any chemist—trial size 1/3, double quantity 2/-.

P.S. It is safe for babies, too; there being nothing to swallow, it cannot upset their stomachs.

